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APRIL 20, 1955

Vol. 22, No. 47

GOOD LUCK, SIR WINSTON!

WITH his retirement last week Sir Winston Churchill has put aside at last the mantle of politics which he has worn so vigorously for more than half a century.

In one sense the world is rejoicing that Sir Winston, undoubtedly one of the great men of history, is to enjoy the leisure he has so richly earned.

In another sense, though, there is widespread regret at his going. To millions of people all over the world Churchill is

much more than a politician and a man. He is a symbol—the personification of dogged determination in the face of danger, of cheerfulness in trouble, and courage in adversity.

To women particularly, there has always been something tremendously appealing about Churchill.

Despite his 80 years and his plethora of honors, most women sense in him many of the eternal qualities of a small boy not the rather namby-pamby Peter Pan type, but the cheeky, snub-nosed urchin who can cock a snook at a bully and get away with it.

Though politically many people have disagreed with Churchill, no one can deny the enormous charm of the man.

His exuberant personality, his irrepressible love of life, his energy, and his gusto can make themselves felt so much around the world that millions who have never seen him look on him as a friend and an inspiration.

Into his retirement he takes much more than the honor and glory generally ac-corded a successful elder statesman.

To Churchill there goes also the af-fection and regard of a multitude of people from many other countries as well as his own.

Most sincerely from them all are sent good wishes for a long and happy retirement for him and Lady Churchill-his 'darling Clementine" and his unfailing

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Trades but surely not in Manx cata?

Story which is mostly clever (a). Despatches the end in the middle (b).

In the middle (a).

Country in the
French secreting organ (7).

Learned men have
length of life in a
steamer (5).

A Roman embedded in platinum (5). Request after tea na a duty (4).

Solution to last week's

15. Mixed traits in a painter (6)

16. Disinfectant i.e. no noise inside (6).

19. Has flurried snow

21. Bubtle pervasive quality (5).

23. Exemplary poem in the centre (5).

the centre (5):
25. This hanging struc-ture is low if piaced in broken slag (7):
26. It is celebrated (5):
27. A woodland delty (5):

28. Cheat full of wind

Solution will be published next week.

A (5)

Our cover:

• The Yorkshire terrier quartet on the cover belongs to Mrs. J. M. Lansbury, Neutral Bay, Sydney, who exhibits at the Royal Show. In the top row are Cuddles of Devon (left) and Thumbelina. Below are Magnolia Beau Phillip (left) and Magnolia Tinker Bell (right). Staff photographer Eric Donnelly took the picture. (right). Stan-took the picture.

This week:

- Fashion artist Rene Dalgleish has designed a muff of white fur fabric just like one carried by the model wearing the Candy dy dress on page 35. Directions for making it and an attractive cape collar with a pussy-cat bow to match are given in the teenage section. For girls who make their own dresses there are seven Candy Hardy patterns for party frocks to choose from, all illustrated in color.
- Two pages of color show celebrated West Indian pianist Winifred Atwell's stage wardrobe, especially made for her Australian tour on the Tivoli circuit. On April 16 she will be the solo pianist at the Sydney Symphony Orchestra concert at the Town Hall, Sydney, in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent
- Other features are:

First of a series of articles from the book "Helping Your Child's Emotional Growth."

Gina Lollobrigida as seen by some of the 26 Italian artists who painted her.

Next week:

- To mark the Queen's birthday we have made a selection of charming pictures showing the remarkable likeness be-tween Her Majesty as a child and her daughter Princess Anne. Delightful anecdotes, which Princess Anne. Delightful anecdotes, which illustrate how alike the two are in personality as well, will appear with the pictures.
- A full page consisting of an article A full page consisting of an article and pictures does homage to the geranium, suddenly haled from its sunny but modest spot in the garden to head a hit parade of flowers. One fascinating angle is the loss of all trace of the names of some varieties handed on from gardener to gardener for many years by means of slips. Mrs. David Pratten, of Sydney, at whose home our pictures were taken, is now on her way to England bent on tracking down the family trees of a number. tracking down the family trees of a number of plants, the names of which are unknown.
- Pictures and a story will introduce the four beautiful Italian mannequins who will present Italian fashions at our parades on their 80-day tour of Australian cities.

Beauty Column

Addis

A hairbrush for your handbag It's the Handy Handbag hairbo Addis. Keep it with a special bag in your handbag-keep your tidy wherever you go. Gemeut handles in pink, green or blue h complete with the special bag for \$/\$



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- If red they betoken true love (5). Brings the darkest hours of the present day (7).

 Maintains emphatically hidden (7).

 Bombards the place of wickedness in a steamer (6).

 Cigarette to back a bundle of sticks (8).

 Not what you think but with what you do it (5).

 Red nose (Amagr. 7).

- (2) Of similiar character with a stock which is ancestral (4).

 14. A cast that can be explosive (4).

 15. Affirms a limb in beers (7).

 17. You can always find a man in a Turk (7).

 18. Composed a broken noise before 1 precede Edward (7).

 20. They are just below the ribs (6).

 21. Parcel out (5).

 22. Perfume or just a bad smell (5).

 23. Spoon mainly for a young boy supported by the French (6).

ERHAPS you have heard of "oomph," and more recently "bam" — feeble terms which inadequately describe a rare feminine attribute for which the Greeks had a word. The Greeks neglected to pass it and but whatever the word some women poson, but whatever the word, some women pos-

It's a biological combination that, properly exploited, causes whole generations of males to fall flat on their faces, by remote control and at the drop of an eyelash. If there's any doubt in your mind, ask a dozen men of forty if they remember Jean Harlow.

This, however, is not about Miss Harlow, even remotely. It concerns another, more recent symbol, name of Maggi McCord, late in ornament of stage, screen, and TV. A very

beautiful girl who once spelled her first name with an "e" on the end.

It was spring and she sat in a garden, wearing a Bikini and a pair of dark glasses, living proof that you can get a smooth tan in the midst of Manhattan at no cost whatever.

Gardens are rare in New York; roofs are more the style. But this one came with the first-floor apartment of an old house in the East Seventies for which her first husband still paid the rent. Also remaining from the ill-starred alliance was a small, intense, dirty-faced urchin of five, engrossed in extracting some the style and the start and the star vorms from the damp earth with an old kitchen fork.

This operation called for an inverse eleva-tion of the posterior section and, glancing at

A complete short story by PETER DOLLAR

nim idly, Maggi McCord was tempted beyond restraint. She giggled, and stretching out a long, shapely bare leg, nudged gently. Lift-ing his chin from a clod her son eyed her

reproachfully.

"Gee, Mum," he complained, "can't you see a man's busy?"

That was Maggi McCord and a boy known

as Jeep.
At the same moment, Captain Nick Veltry,

At the same moment, Captain Nick Veltry, the airline pilot, was driving through a cloud nine thousand feet above the city limits of Cleveland, Ohio. A large, rangy young man with a slightly bent nose, he had once achieved fame by an amazing aptitude for knocking down opposing half-backs and ends. But wisely resisting professional offers, he had taken up the safer occupation of herding aeroplanes about the sky.

Now his normally cheerful features wore a bemused, worried expression. This was a ferry flight; a plane was being transferred from San Francisco to the Atlantic for the summer-tourist rush, and he was the character who had drawn the gravy assignment. But personally, Nick was convinced, he could take this trip or leave it alone.

He climbed out of his seat, handing the

He climbed out of his seat, handing the controls to Quigley, his co-pilot, and started aft for the coffee. "Black?"

Quigley grinned up at him. He was a small, rugged individual who wore string bow small, rugged individual who were string ook ties, combed his hair with a rake, and could hit a golf ball a country mile. Despite the open, childlike arrangement of his features, he had been around. Glamorous women, in fact, had fought to mother him, some in remote Yes," Quigley decided; "the straight stuff.

Tonight we howl, my captain,"
"You howl," Nick said. "I just lost my

"You howl," Nick said. "I just lost my voice."
"Nick! This is Quig, your old buddy. I've got telephone numbers!"
"They'll kill you," Nick warned him.
"You'll burn yourself out, boy."
"O.K., I can read the signs." Quigley glanced at him craftily. "Do you know someone here, Nick?"
When they loyeded at tellewild out on Long.

one here, Nick?"

When they landed at Idlewild, out on Long Island, it was twilight and raining. They booked into a hotel on Fifty-ninth Street and, standing in the window, Nick stared morosely across the park. It lay deserted and dripping, blurred in the mist.

Alter Onicides bed triumphantly departed.

blurred in the mist.

After Quigley had triumphantly departed, he looked up the number. The phone at the other end rang three times. Nick counted, half hoping no one would answer.

Someone did. She said, "Yes? Hello."

"I'd like to speak to Maggie," Nick said, "with an 'e'."

There was a short silence. "Oh, Nicky," she said, "where are you? Don't scare me like that."

He told her. He told her he'd be in town for two days, and she said, "Tve got a show to do tonight. But come right over."

The house was was half a block east of the park. Nick walked over in the rain, and she opened the door and took both his hands in

hers.
"Nicky, how wonderful to see you!" Her voice was warm. She wore narrow

To page 71







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Fourth instalment of our six-part romantic serial

By GEORGETTE



SOON after high-spirited SERENA, only daughter of

SOON after high-spirited SERENA, only daughter of the late Earl of Spenborough, comes to stay in Bath with her youthful stepmother, FANNY, she becomes engaged to MAJOR HECTOR KIRKBY, a girlhood sweetheart of whom her lather disapproved.

They decide that the engagement must be kept secret while Serena and Fanny are in mourning, but the Major is dismayed to learn that, by the terms of her father's will, Serena's affairs are under the control of her ex-fiance, the MARQUIS OF ROTHERHAM, and she must obtain his consent to her marriage.

The Major is quite certain that Rotherham will oppose this match. Adding to his concern, he now finds that some of Serena's unorthodox ways lead to sharp differences between them.

Meanwhile, Serena has made an amazing acquaint-ance in wealthy, good-hearted, but vulgar MRS. FLOORE, who, it transpires, is the mother of a notorious social climber, LADY LALEHAM, and sup-ports the Laleham household though she is never received there

Previously, Lady Laleham tricked Fanny into intro-ducing her and her pretty, artless daughter EMILY to Rotherham, and to Serena's annoyance Rotherham has been paying marked attention to Emily.

This is apparently only in devilment, but one morning Fanny and Serena are staggered to read in the paper the announcement of Rotherham's engagement to Emity. NOW READ ON:

ANNY looked up from the paper to see Serena standing like a stone in the middle of the room, two roses held in her hand, her cheeks perfectly white, and in her eyes an expres-

lectly white, and in her eyes an expression of blank horror.

"What have I done?" Serena said, in a queer, hoarse voice. "Oh, what have I done?"

"Dearest, you are not to blame!" Fanny cried. "He met her in my house, not in yours! Not that I feel I am to blame, either, for heaven knows I never invited Lady Laleham to visit me on that fatal day! And from all we hear of the horrid, encroaching way she has been thrusting herself into the highest circles, he must have met her somewhere, even if not in my house! Though, to be sure, it would not have been in that style, just seated round the table, as we were, conversing not have been in that style, loss seates round the table, as we were, conversing without the least formality. Oh, if I had known what would come of it, I would have been uncivil to Lady Lalcham rather than have admitted her into the break-fast parior!"

She saw that Serena was staring at her in a fixed, blank way, and then that a trickle of blood was running down one

trickle of blood was running down one of her fingers.

"Oh, you have scratched your hands with those thorns! Take care you don't smear your gown, dearest!"

Her words seemed to recall Serena to herself. She gave a slight start, and glanced down at her hand. Her fingers unclenched themselves from about the rose-stems; she laid the flowers down, saying quietly: "So I have! How stupid! Pray, Fanny, attend to these! I must go and wash my hands."

She went quickly from the room, and

and wash my hands."

She went quirkly from the room, and was gone for some time. When she returned, it was with some tale of having been obliged to mend the torn gathers of one of the flounces round the hem of her gown. Fanny, who knew that she never set a stitch, might, had her mind not been taken up with the news of Rotherham's engagement, have felt considerable surprise at this unprecedented happening. As it was she merely said absently: "How As it was, she merely said absently: "How vexing! Have you sent your woman out? You know, Serena, the more I think of it the more I am convinced Lady Laleham had this in mind when she forced herself upon us this day!"

"Very likely. I put nothing beyond her!" Serena said lightly.

"I should never have thought Emily the kind of girl to take his fancy!" There is no telling what a man will

"No, very true! But she is quite as silly as I am, and I thought he held silly females in the greatest contempt! Only think of that impatient, sarcastic way he speaks when one has said something he thinks stupid! He did seem to be amused by the droll things she said, not in the least meaning to be droll, but I thought he was quizzing her, and not very kindly!

"So did I, but it appears that we were mistaken.

"Yes, indeed! The Quenbury Assembly, too! That was why he chose to take his wards to it! But the way he spoke of Emily that very night, when you quarrelled with him about his having stood up only with her, how could he have done so, if he had felt the smallest affection for her? Do you remember his telling us how he could get nothing out of her but Yes, and No, and so had drawn

no more coverts, but had come to take his leave of us instead?

"Very clearly. Also my own words on that occasion. I imagine her behaviour must have piqued him, and what began as an idle amusement became a serious pursuit. I daresay be can never before have tossed his handkerchief and not seen it picked up! I admire Emily very much, I did not think she had it in her to bring the odious Marquis so tamely to heel!"



Two surprise engagements cause further complications in Serena's circle

"Oh, Serena, I am sure such a thought was never in her head! She did not like him. Indeed, I believe she was afraid of him! That is what makes this news so particularly dread-

"If he loves her, she will have nothing to fear," Serena said, a slight constriction in her

I cannot credit it!"

"Whatever else you cannot credit, that at least is sure!" Serena said. "No other reason can possibly exist for his having asked her to marry him! She has nothing to recommend her, neither birth nor fortune, but a pretty face and the artlessness of a kitten!"

"Then he is infatuated, which is worse than all, for you may depend upon it he will soon recover from that, and grow bored with her, and make her miserable!"

"You take a gloomy view of her prospects!"

"You take a gloomy view of her prospects!"

"Yes, for I know what a harsh temper he has, and how unfeeling he is, besides being proud and overbearing! And I know she has been forced into this by her hateful mother!"

Serena shrugged her shoulders. "Why put yourself in this passion, my dear? It is no concern of yours, after all!"

"Oh, no! But if you knew what it means to a girl to be forced into marriage with a man more than twice her age you would not

"She stopped, aghast at her own words. The color flooded her cheeks; she looked stricken, and blurted out: "I beg your pardon! I didn't mean—I would not for the world—I don't know how I came to say such a thing!"

"There is no need to beg my pardon. I

"There is no need to beg my pardon. I always thought it atrocious, and sincerely

No, no, don't say so! Your Papa-no one could have been kinder-more considerate!

You mustn't think that I meant to compare him for one moment with Rotherham!"

"I don't. There, Fanny, don't cry! It is all very sad, but there's no use in becoming agitated over it. We have nothing to do with Emily's troubles."

Fanny dried her tears, but said: "I didn't think you could be so unfeeling! It ought to be stopped!"

"Stopped! No, that it cannot be!" Serena said. "Put that out of your head, Fanny! It has been announced, and must go forward"

She spoke so sternly that Fanny was quite startled. "But, Serena, you did not think so!" she could not help saying.

"No! I did not, and so the more reason this engagement should not be broken! It will not be. We must trust the Laleham-woman for that?" She paused, and then said: "Well! I must not delay to send him my felicitations. It had better be done immediately, in fact."

"Serena, if I ought to do the same, I am serena, it I ought to do the same, I am sorry, but nothing would prevail upon me to felicitate either of them on an event of which I most deeply disapprove!" Fanny said, with unwonted vehemence.

Serena had already seated herself at the writing-table, and spoke without turning her head. "Unnecessary! I will say on your be-half everything that is proper to the occasion."

"I wish very much that you would not!"

No answer was vouchsafed to this decidedly No answer was vouchsafed to this decidedly pettish remark, but after a moment Serena said: "After all, it turns out very well for me! No moment than this could be better for the announcement I have to make. He will be much too absorbed in his own affairs to cavil at my engagement.

"Yes, indeed!" Fanny said, brightening a

little.

Silence fell, broken only by the scratch of
Serena's quill. Fanny, scated in the window,
and leaning her chin in her hand, remained
lost in melancholy thought until her attention was attracted by the sight of an old-fashioned landaulette drawing up immediately beneath the window. The next instant she uttered a

sharp exclamation.

"Serena! Mrs. Floore! She must be coming "Serenal Mrs. Floore! She must be coming to tell you the news! Good gracious, what a figure she is, in that hat! My love, some gentleman is handing her out, and I vow and declare to you the carriage is within an ace of tipping over under her weight! Quick! Shall I tell Lybster to say you are gone out?" "Certainly not! Why should you?" replied Serena, shaking the sand from her letter, and pulling open the little drawer in which Fanny kept her wafers.

"Oh, I don't know, but I wish she had not come here! I shall not know what to say

to her!"
"Nonsense! You will say all that is proper,"
"Perhaps she will not be able to mount the stairs!" said Fanny, with a nervous giggle.
But although the performance of this feat took time it proved to be not beyond Mrs. Floore's powers. With the aid of the baluster-rail and Mr. Goring's stalwart arm she arrived, rail and Mr. Goring's stalwart arm she arrived, panting but triumphant, on the first floor, and paused to take breath. Observing that Lybster was about to throw open the door into the drawing-room, she stopped him by the simple expedient of grasping his sleeve.

Affronted, he gazed at her with much hauteur, and said in freezing accents: "Madam?"

Looby!" enunciated Mrs. Floore, between

gasps. "You wait! Trying to push me in-like a landed salmon!"
"One moment, if you please!" said Mr. Goring, quite unperturbed either by his old Goring, quite inperturbed either by his old friend's unconventional behaviour or by the butler's evident disgust. He removed the fan from Mrs. Floore's clutch, and opened it, and began to ply it briskly.

"Thank you, Ned!" she said presently.

"Lord, how the heat does draw one out!"

Concluding that she now felt ready to meet her hostess, Lybster opened the door, and an-

Concluding that she now felt ready to meet her hostess, Lybster opened the door, and announced in the voice of one refraining from comment announced in the voice of one: "Mrs. Floore, Mr. Goring, my lady!"

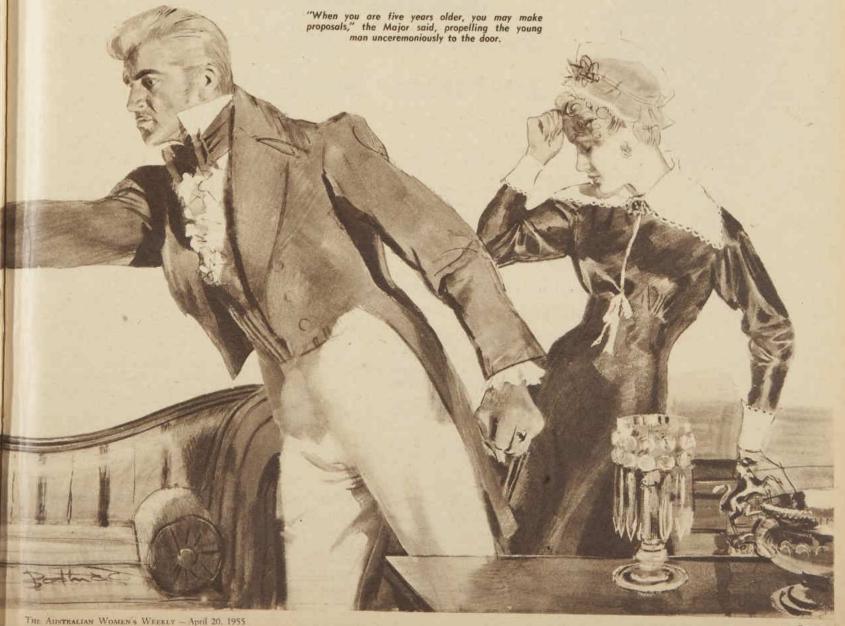
Fanny came forward, with her hand out. "How do you do? I am so glad you have come to visit us, ma'am: pray, will you not be seated? Lybster, some wine, if you please!"

He bowed, and withdrew; but as his gait was stately he was not gone from the room in time to escape hearing Mrs. Floore say gratefully: "Bless your sweet face! Your butler was all for having me believe he didn't know but what you'd stepped out, for which I'm sure I don't blame him, but, 'Lord, I said, 'you've no need to be scared! Her ladyship will see me fast chough take my word for it!' Which he did, so here I am. And I brought Mr. Goring along with me, just in case I should be overcome by the heat, which is a thing that happened to me once, right in the middle of the South Parade, and caused so much excitement as if a circus had come to town. Ned! Make your bow to Lady Spenborough!"

Mr. Gering, who had been shaking hands.

borough!"

Mr. Goring, who had been shaking hands
with Serena, showed no signs of resenting this





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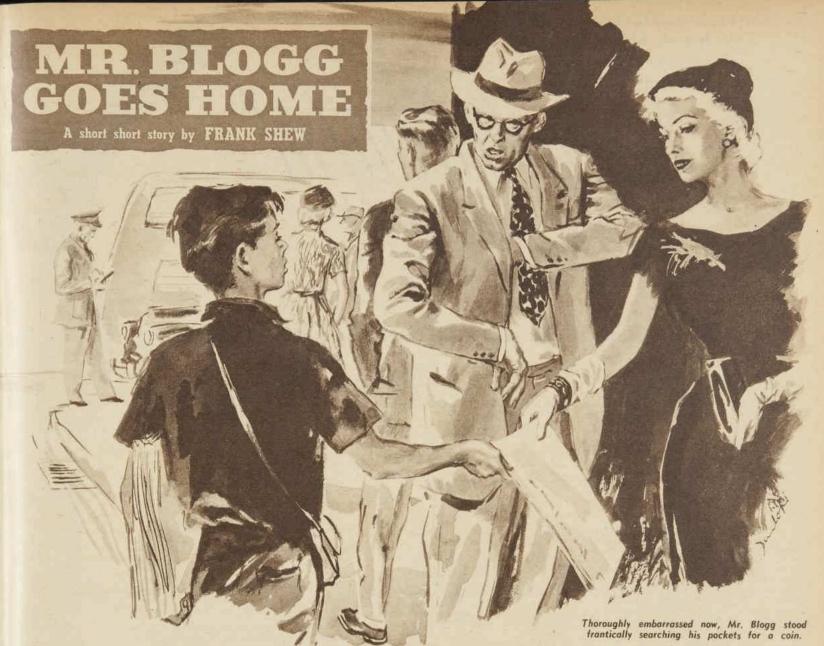
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This month's teenager story . . . Its author, an 18-year-old Victorian, has just begun work as a cadet journalist. He had previously written a motoring page for a monthly pastoral magazine.

R. BLOGG dug expectantly into his pocket for some change to buy his evening paper. His fingers emerged with one oin—a penny. Of course, thought Mr. Blogg, he had no change, he spent it all on his lurich.

No matter, he reassured himself. Young Bob, the paper-boy on the corner, was always glad to change

Again he dug, this time in his inside coat pocket. Mr. Blogg's heart ank. His wallet wasn't there.

He must have been robbed, he siently declared; no, of course not, he remembered he had left his wallet home that morning—it was on his edside table. He had noticed he didn't have it at breakfast and had intended to go back for it, but he

had forgotten.

Mr. Blogg then began a frantic search through all his pockets but he knew in his heart it was useless. He only carried money in two places -in his fob pocket or in his inside coat pocket; then the hard facts hit him. At the moment Mr. Blogg possessed exactly one penny, and the bus fare home was exactly one

He stood bewildered for a moment and then realised there was only one thing to do—he would have to borrow some money. He didn't like to, but there was no other way. He strode to the corner and looked through the crowd to the pile of papers on the pavement. Lifting his gaze upwards he saw that Bob was not there.

In his place stood another youth. A rather unpleasant, dark scowling youth. "Wh—where's Bob tonight?" he stammered.

'e's 'ome, sick," came the reply.

Thoroughly embarrassed now, Mr. Blogg stood frantically searching his pockets for a coin again—but again his search was in vain. Finally, he plucked up the courage to explain that he was going to ask Bob to lend him a shilling, because he had left his money at home.

The pimpled youth scowled at in him increduously.

"Huh," he said, "I don't know

"But I'm sure that Bob . . ."
"Garn," spat the other. "Nick

Mr. Blogg's face turned a delicate shade of beetroot as he strode shamefully away. Then he stopped

and thought over his predicament. He could walk home, but that would be out of the question since

it was over six miles to his suburb He could beg money or he could beg a ride. He recoiled at the thought.

Then he had another idea. Per-haps he could find a bus driver who knew him and who would gladly extend credit.

Mr. Blogg's face fell as the bus rattled to a stop. The driver was a complete stranger. After a brief but embarrassing incident on the bus, Mr. Blogg decided he would have to find some other way to get home.

Well, he thought, there was only one way out. He would have to hitch-hike home.

Lots of people got lifts, he said himself. Surely some motorist would give him a ride home.

Mr. Blogg was a very inexper-ienced hitch-hiker, so he contented himself with standing at the road-side and soulfully staring at each car that went past.

After a few minutes a small car stopped and an attractive woman smilingly opened the door.

Mr. Blogg hesitated, then climbed

The car went south for a while, then suddenly turned to the left, to Mr. Blogg's concern.

"I've got to get some petrol," she explained. "Would you get my purse out of the glove box, please?"

After a thorough search Mr. Blogg announced that her purse was not

Bother!" exclaimed the woman, "I must have left it at the office. But then I'm sure a nice man like you would lend me the money for two gallons of petrol."

Mr. Blogg blushed and unwill-ingly said that he was broke; at the moment he possessed exactly

one penny.

The woman stared at him.

"Fair dinkum?" she said.
"I'm sorry," Mr. Blogg replied,
but to no avail.
One minute later he found him-

self waiting on the kerb once more while the car kicked up a cloud of dust as it scorched off.

Bewildered, he wondered what he would do next.

Then he spotted a parked car with its engine running just outside a theatre.

Mr. Blogg approached the man sitting in front.
"Excuse me," he began, but he

was cut short. "Get out you-mug," snarled the driver.

Suddenly from behind him he heard two shots. Then a door slammed and footsteps came towards the

car.

Mr. Blogg was flattened by a huge arm that shot out just as the car roared off, but Mr. Blogg happened to see the number of the car. As he dazedly staggered to his feet, a frightened girl ran from the theatre.

theatre.

"Help, police, they shot the manager!" she screamed.

A cruising police car pulled up, and somebody leaped out and asked a few questions. Mr. Blogg found himself bundled in the car.

"They went that away" he cried, nting along the road. "Then pointing along the road.

they turned right here."

The police car screeched around the corner in hot pursuit of the bandits.

Around corners they went, along narrow side streets, with the speed-

ometer needle touching eighty.

Mr. Blogg sat shivering in the back while the distance between the two cars grew less and less.

Then he saw the number of the car in front. It was the same car all right.

As the cars went along the main road the bandit car skidded, slewed viciously, rolled over, and then burst into flames.

The police had revolvers ready but there was no need for them. No one came out of the inferno.

"Will you want me any more?" asked Mr. Blogg meekly.

The driver took his name and address, patted him on the back, and cleared a way for him through the crowd that had collected

It was only a block to Mr. Blogg's flat and he would be home early.

"Is that you, John?" his wife called to him as he entered the kitchen. "Yes," said Mr. Blogg.

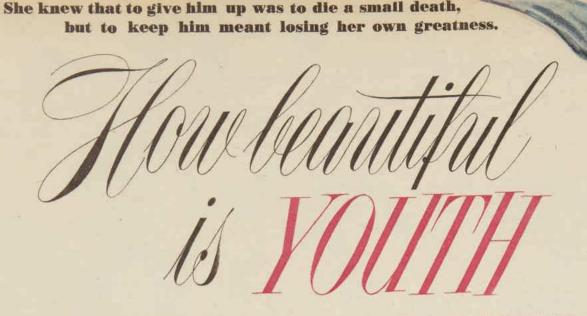
"Well, you're home on time for nce," she said. "Why can't you get home the same way every night?"

But there was no reply.

Mr. Blogg had fainted.

(Copyright)

THE Australian Women's Weekly - April 20, 1955



HE opened her eyes upon the dusky golden light in the curtained room, and through the dissolving mists of sleep she saw the new dress, last night's triumph and fiasco, lying where she had let it fall, a mist of pink cloud in the easy-

appeared to her, in spite of everything, the kind It appeared to her, in spite of everything, the kind of dress a man ought to notice when it crossed a room beside him, but Mark had never given it a glance, much less made any comment upon its spiendors. Heaven knows, she thought, lying motionless in the enormous bed as she studied her folly through half-closed eyelids, I'm sufficiently inured to the allurements of splendid gowns in my profession, why should I have built any hopes on this one, more than all the rest?

She had only to stir a hand upon the coverlet or

one, more than all the restr

She had only to stir a hand upon the coverlet or
her head upon the pillow, and Morgan would be
suddenly, softly in the room, drawing back the curtains. She must have looked into the room half a dozen times already, and refrained from taking a step within for fear of waking her mistress, though she had probably been aching to snatch up the dress and put it reverently upon its hanger

No rehearsal this morning, so Barbara could have what Morgan always comfortably termed a long lie-in. No doubt Morgan would add as smugly that she had earned it, for the concert at the Mozarteum had been a triumph. It was the private part of the evening that had been a fiasco.

Her songs had been all Mozart, and perhaps that was enough in itself to account for Mark's pre-occupation, for he was still, after three months with occupation, for he was still, after three months with her, mortally afraid of accompanying her in Mozart. Other people, he said feelingly, cover up for you, but only the pure in heart can play Mozart, for every flaw shows up like a deformity. She remembered the strained whiteness of his face as he took his seat composedly at the piano, and played delicately and perfectly, a fine sweat of nervousness all the time dewing his upper lip.

Only when she had taken him by the hand, at the end of her last group, and drawn him to his feet to share the ovation had he relaxed and broken into one of his wild, boyish smiles. She had felt, through the touch of his hand, which clung to hers tightly, his whole body trembling.

tightly, his whole body trembling

Perhaps it was this hypersensitivity of him, these stresses he never confided, and for which he asked no consideration, which had startled and melted her into loving him. Perhaps she was of a nature which must love protectively if it was to love at all. At least it had happened, unlooked-for, inescapable, invading her heart secretly like a silent army treacherously loosed into a city by night; in the morning of her awareness the stronghold was already lost.

And how were the mighty fallen! She had halted in Paris to choose a dress all for him, to dazzle him, to awaken him to her reality as a woman; and he had escorted it home in the car, loved the voice which floated out of its misty folds, and never so much as seen gown or woman. He was proud of her, he was devoted to her, he adored her, but he didn't love her. It had never even occurred to him as a possibility. The sun was high, she traced its climb through the

The sun was high, she traced its climb through the brocade curtains. She would have to get up. To-night, "Rosenkavalier," and to survive the Marschallin she must be in perfect condition and perfect mood. Sighing, she stretched and turned in the bed, and silently, slipping over the carpet like a fat, grey tabby, Morgan came in.

First the curtains, then a finger on the bell, then

the benevolent smile and the discreet morning greeting. "A lovely morning, Miss Barbara, dear! Did you sleep well?" And with the tap at the door which heralded the coffee tray, the day might fairly be said to have begun.

A complete short story by EDITH PARGETER

Smoothed reverently into decorum on its hanger, Smoothed reverently into decorum on its nanger, the pink dress looked suddenly unsuitable, or else its failure had caused her to regard it with revulsion. It was simple and beautiful, but for her a disastrous mistake, an error of taste due, no doubt, to over-anxiety on her part. She felt an aversion to the idea of ever wearing it again.

She slid out of bed, drawing on her housecoat before the mirror, and studying herself with the heavy, still look left over from sleep. She saw a tall woman of forty, handsome, with a clear, pale face and a profusion of light gold hair; the woman Mark never saw.

Thank goodness, she hadn't put on weight! She was spared the sagging fat, at any rate; all she had to contend with was the more subtle thickening here and there at neck, and shoulder, and cheek, the faint weariness of the lofty white eyelids, the resignation of the settled lines of the mouth. These had never mattered until Mark came, nervous and ardent and twenty-four years old, almost sick with awe of her at first.

Three weeks of his company, and twenty years of success and satisfaction in her career melted and ran out of her hands. She had had everything, but now suddenly the sum of all she had had was nothing. And the worst of it was that when he looked at her he saw and adored Astrofiammante or the Counters Almania, or the embeddinger of the voice. Countess Almaviva, or the embodiment of the voice that breathed life into them; but never, never Barbara Tremayne.

"The young lady slept late, too, poor love," said Morgan, busy running the bath. "She was terribly tired when she got here, after that long journey."

"Oh, heavens!" said Barbara, whirling from the mirror in dismay. "Theodora! I forgot all about her! Poor child!" Her own sister's daughter, newly arrived from England on her first trip alone, and her unfeeling aunt could forget her very existence. "Do go and ask her to come up and talk to me while I dress, if she's up now."

"Yes, Miss Tremayne, she's up. I brought her breakfast up to her room, thinking she'd feel a bit strange if she had to go down alone just at first. You get your bath, and I'll send her in."

When Barbara came out of the bathroom Theodora was sitting in the light from the window, beyond the panes of which the Monchs Berg loomed stonily above the tilted roofs. She was eighteen, and in a simple cotton frock looked even less.

Her smooth, short hair, under the childish Breton sailor hat, was as blond as Barbara's own, her round face had the texture of a new flower, never touched since it had unfolded, and her full lips, plaintive and tender, curled together with the candor of rose-petals, ready to reflect every motion of her guarded spirit. She looked up warily with soft eyes, and the very curl of the lashes had a cool, fresh tension, as if the dew was still upon them.

Kissing her was like kissing the air of the morning. Barbara thought, with a pang which lay some-where between jealousy and nostalgia, so that's what I was like! That's what I had, and never had the wit to recognise until it was gone. I wonder if she's

any cleverer:
"Darling, I'm sorry I slept so late. After tonight

"Oh, yes! Can you come with me? Mr. Creed said you're singing in 'Rosenkavalier' tonight, so if you want me to take care of myself, that's all right, I can do it, you know."

right, I can do it, you know."

"Is Creed downstairs already?"

"Yes. Do you want him to come up?"

"Not just yet, he'll keep. I have to see him, though; he wants me to go on east after the festival, but I'm not sure yet if I want to."

She shook out her shining hair, and let it fall over her shoulders. "There'll be a box for you to-

night, if you'd like to go. And an Austrian escort, a handsome one. No need for you to wonder who's going to keep you company while I'm engaged.

Theodora's demure eyes took on a vigorous sparkle. She burst out: "All my clothes are so schoolgirlish! You know what Mummy is! Will you help me to choose a frock here? I can't wear my cottons to the opera, honestly. Wait till you see

"Cottons are in, you know. But if you don't like them we'll fix something else for you." She looked up suddenly, and saw how the dazzled blue eyes up suddenly, and saw how the dazzled blue eyes clung to the pink dress upon its hanger, with open and designed envy, without any hope or any malevolence at all. She thought: "So'I still have something she thinks she would like!"

"Try it on!" she said. "Tve worn it just once, and it's simple enough to look right on you."

"Oh. pa. Aum. Bar. honestly. I didn't mean."

"Oh, no, Aunt Bar, honestly, I didn't mean—" But her ravished eyes widened and grew moist with

"I know you didn't, but I do. Go ahead, see if

Theodora's belt flew, her slim arms crossed and swooped for the edges of her skirt, and the cotton frock billowed to the carpet. The waves of pink surged over her head. She shook herself, and the ess settled upon her as though she had grown it.
"How do I look?" She knew very well how she

looked, she was flushed and shining with incredu-lous delight.

lous delight.

"The waist's large for you, but Morgan will soon put that right." Barbara walked round her niece, critically touching the folds into place. "Yes, you'll look very well in it." So that's what was wrong with it on me, she thought! It's twenty years too young, for all its sophistication.

"I've never had a dress like this in my life! Are you sure you don't want to keep it? Oh, Aunt Bar, you are an angel to me!"

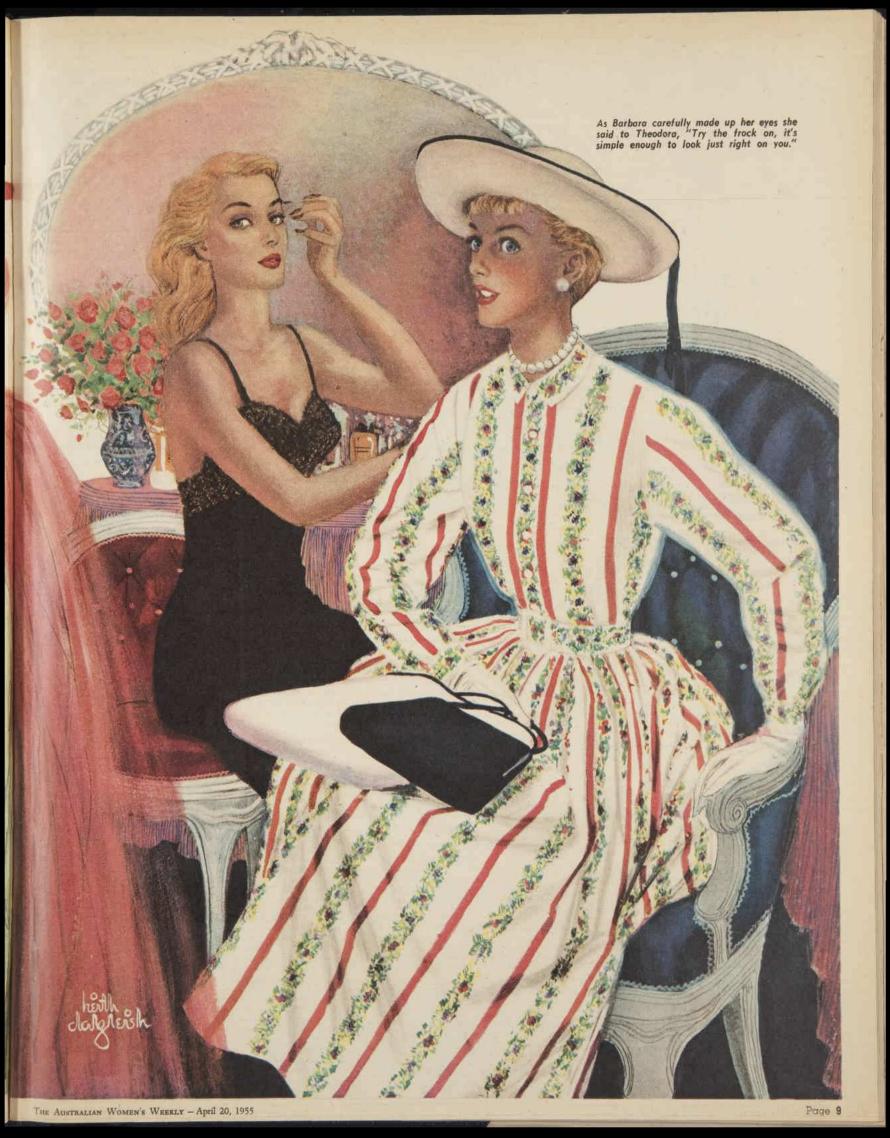
you are an angel to me!"

Morgan, called back into consultation over the fit of the shoulders, flew for pins and cotton, and began to spin Theodora before the mirror like a top. The delighted little face appeared and disappeared as she revolved obediently, dreaming of a gilded box as a setting for her gown, and a beautiful young man attendant at her elbow.

Barbara left them to their labors, and went down to talk to Creed, who had several engagements eastward waiting for her approval, and as many good reasons at his finger-ends why she should accept

He was waiting for her in a retired corner of the lounge, already half-obscured by the steam of coffee

To page 75





No fabric could be softer or gentler to a baby's skin than Cesora. All the softness of the finest merino wool and the smoothness of fine-spun cotton combine to make Cesora the gentlest cloth ever woven to baby a baby.

Wool



Cesora is all natural -pure wool and pure cotton without even a hint of synthetic fibre. Cesora is as natural to the tender skin of a haby as the soft down on his little head



cotton mix, Cesora is both warm in winter and cool in summer. The wool in it keeps him cosy and the cotton helps the cloth withstand all the rompings of a

Because of its wool and healthy, happy baby. Cesora will never shrink if it is washed as wool. No matter how often it is laundered, it will last ever so much longer than it takes baby to grow out of it.



THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambert

By Eric Lambert
Australian soldiers from
Egypt came home on leave to
Sydney before joining the New
Guinea battle.
This novel is a realistic picture of wartime Sydney, complete with Americans, black
markets, rationing and rackets
—and of the grim jungle war
that claimed the veterans and
that takes unforgettable shape
here in their comments and
experiences.

Price, 15/6 From all Booksellers.

Page 10

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you atraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backacher, aching joints make life a miser? These pains could be due to listlesse kitness not carrying out their vital job of removing harmitul wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, ieg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world-get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring wift, conforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

Letters from our Readers

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

ONCE, the average Australian male was horrified at the suggestion that his wife should go to work. Nowadays, it seems to work. Nowadays, it seems— especially among the younger men— to be taken as a matter of course. In fact, some of them look on a working wife as a natural part of marriage. Is it because, during the formative years of these young men, their mothers went off to war work and in so many cases continued to work when peace came? It is a disturbing trend, detrimental to our already low birthrate and detri-

mental to womanhood, too.

Recently I heard a nervy and obviously ill young wife tell her husband that the doctor had recommusband that the doctor had recom-mended a holiday for her. Retorted her lord and master: "What you need is a change of job—that'll buck you up as much as any holi-day." Has the word "cherish" been deleted from the marriage service, I wonder?

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) M. Arden, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

WHEN are we going to get "non-smoking" wards in hospitals? Recently during my stay in hospital, I was awakened several times at night by smokers coughing. By all means let the smokers have their cigarettes, but non-smokers have to pay their fees, too, so why shouldn't we be catered for as well?

10/6 to "Ex-patient" (name supplied), Yass, N.S.W.

WHY is it that most people look the other way when they see a mother struggling way when they see a mother struggling op and down railway steps with a baby in a pram or a stroller? I have found that the only ones who generally offer any help are other young mothers. We do not venture out with these heavy prams for pleasure, and it is very much appreciated when some kind person spares a few minutes to help us on our way.

10/6 to A.S.B. (name supplied), Caring-bah, N.S.W.

CARDENING recently I was horrified to hear several small children using very bad language. On reprimanding them, one youngster replied, "Well, Dad says that, anyway, so why can't I?" If the parent set the example their children would follow it. 10/6 to "Example" (name supplied), Gippsland Vic. land, Vic.

land, Vic.

I AM convinced that men are dupes and easily fooled. My husband has started to drink regularly every Friday night at a local hotel which offers free beer at 5 o'clock to its customers on that night. Of course only one free drink is given, but he is very proud of the doubtful honor of receiving it and never thinks at all of the fact that he puts up to £1 in the publican's generous pocket by the night's end.

10/6 to "Disgusted" (name supplied), Ipswich, Qld.

CONDITIONS at some State schools are appalling and much repair work is necessary, but some parent organisations are adopting a very poor attitude when they boycott schools. Stand-over tactics like keeping pupils away from school till repair work has begun is surely setting a bad example to the children. It is not a worthwhile victory when children are used in such a way.

10/6 to "Interested Mother" (name supplied), Strathfield, N.S.W.

NOTHING annoys me more than the prejudice some of my fellow Australians display towards new Australians. For the very small numbers of undesirable new Ausvery small numbers of undesirable new Australians, we should rejoice that there are so many who are an asset to this country. Not only are they valuable because of the increase they give to our population, but because they bring a new richness and color to our national culture. I am proud to know all the new Australians I have met.

10/6 to Mrs. S. Dalton, Dee Why, N.S.W.

- \£1/1/- is paid fo the best letter of the week as well as 10/6/ for every letter published on this page.

Fancy-dress balls

"MOTHER" is against fancy-dress balls be-"MOTHER" is against fancy-dress balls because some people are poor. Well, I
am poor, but I refuse to use my franchise
or poverty to blackmail those who are better
off than myself. If rich folk wish to dress
their children better than mine, that is their
affair. These are days in which the weak
are asking for far too many concessions
from the strong. Too much of it only makes
weak folk weaker.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Jensen, Scottsdale, Tas.

I AM in favor of State school fancy-dress balls for children. I am a widow with four young children and I always manage to make or horrow costumes for mine. I get as much fun out of the evening as the chilas much fun out of the evening as the chil-dren themselves and the costumes need not be expensive. Last year I made costumes for my girls out of mosquito netting with calico slips and tinted them. One year I was too busy to make them. I borrowed costumes for the younger children, and my eldest girl wore her school sports frock, white socks and sandshoes, an eyeshade, and she carried a tennis racquet. She was a con-tented sports girl. tented sports girl.

10/6 to "Dorothea" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

Tamily Affairs

· Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

AS an easy-going family of eight,

As an easy-going family of eight, with four boys and two girls, we were in the habit of being too frank and tactless with one another, and criticism, indignation, and hurt feelings were the rule rather than the exception. However, since instituting a series of fines for family offences, things are much more pleasant.

pleasant,

pleasant.

A large tobacco tin has been placed on the refrigerator and anyone neglecting to say "Please" or "Thank you" is fined a penny. Ungracious remarks, such as "These really ARE rock cakes" to my amateur cooking efforts, are fined 3d. or more, depending on how nasty the tone when the remark was made. For one brother who is at the age of insinuating remarks, there is a fine of 6d. for each insinuation.

At the end of the month the most

We certainly have to think before

we certainly have to think before we speak, but there is so much laughter when we're interrupted in the middle of a discourse on some neighbor with an "Excuse me, but wasn't that a critical remark you made?" that we don't mind the penny or so we have to pay.

We are still forthright, but we have learnt to temper it a little. Compliments were of the "tongue in

cheek" variety at first, but now they seem to come naturally, and, since they afford us pleasure and

amusement, who cares about the £1/1/- to "Happy Homer" (name supplied), Mortdale, N.S.W.

polite member of the family receives the contents of the tin and with this in mind we try to outdo one another

in pleasant remarks.



Don't be

HALF- SAFE!

SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Smoother, creumler Arrid:

instructiv stors penseu and keeps armpits des safely moved by leading doctors REMOVES ofton from perspicalis contact. Antiseptic action. WON 1 BOT CLOTHES.

New creamy soft Arrid does not for skin, even after sharing. Arrid has a wonderful new ingrash Persap your gustourer that new A is softer, smoother than ever. Buy the s super smooth Arrid today!

ARRID **How with Perston**





15 hairsets for 36

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of con-centrated Curlypet— squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Carlypes for 3/6 from your chemist or store. QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

The original

TAMPAX

is again available

You don't have to put up with the chafing and embarrassment of old-fashioned sanitary methods. Tampax, the modern internal sanitary protection was invented by a physician and it does away with bulky belts, pins and pads With Tampax there's no odour—and disposal is easy.

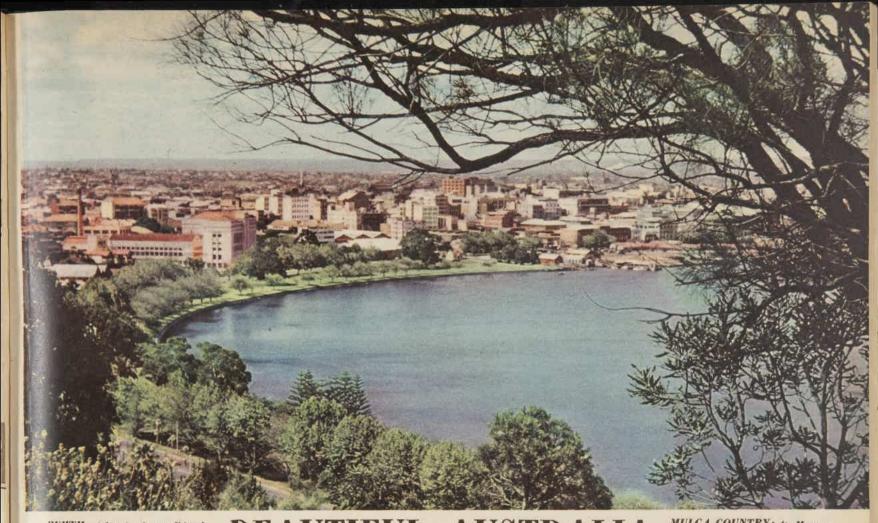
Tampax is made of highly absorbent cotton compressed into one-time-use applicators. You owe it to yourself to try Tampax



T.A., WW1.4 Id Agencies Pty. Ltd., 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

(I enclose 3½d, in stamps for postage,)

Address
I would like a sample of regular/
super Tampax.
(Please mark absorbency.)



PERTH (above) from King's Park, famous wildflower reserve, with the Swan River in the foreground. The picture was taken by Miss R. Gibbons. of South Porongorups, W.A.

BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

MULGA COUNTRY: At Morgans, W.A., a tree-fringed waterhole like the one below is rare, Mr. Arthur G. Matthews, of Kalgoorlie, took the picture after a recent heavy thunderstorm.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955.

I-JOHNNY hears the door open and looks up smiling a reelcome and expecting to see Mother. Some-thing's wrong. The face at the door isn't one he knows.

First of a series How to help



2—THE STRANGER smiles, but Johnny wants no substitutes. He still hopes the strange face will turn into Mother's. But it doesn't, and gradually he begins to feel afraid and anxious for the first time in his life.



3—SUCKING HIS FINGERS for comfort and imploring her with his eyes to keep meay, Johnny begins to whimper as the stranger comes nearer. He is really afraid.

SAFE AGAIN in his familiar surroundings and with his own mother coming through the door. Johnny stops crying. His mother and Elizabeth talk together quietly and naturally and, after a while, Johnny, his curiosity roused, risks peeking at this stranger who has come into his life and upset his normal daily routine.

SHYNESS AND ANXIBITY

Everyone loves a friendly child, the kind who responds with a ready smile when you speak to him, who talks freely and acts naturally.

CHILDREN vary enormously. Some of things at once. Most, perhaps, are just a trifle shy to start with and some, as everyone knows, are painfully shy. Much may depend on what grown-ups do at special periods - the first comes somewhere between six and nine months when many a child shows discomfort with strangers,

Johnny, the eight-months-old baby pictured on these pages, has a mother who knows how to help her child at one of those moments that may appear unimportant, yet are often critical.

These pictures are the first of a series which we will publish from week to week. The whole series is designed to illustrate common emotional problems which all parents encounter in bringing up their children.

They have been prepared by two American experts in child psychology, Mrs. Anna Wolf and Miss Suzanne

Mrs. Wolf, a long-time member of



"TURN YOUR BACK and ignore him," Mother advises Elizabeth. They continue talking, and slowly Johnny stands up and inspects the stranger.



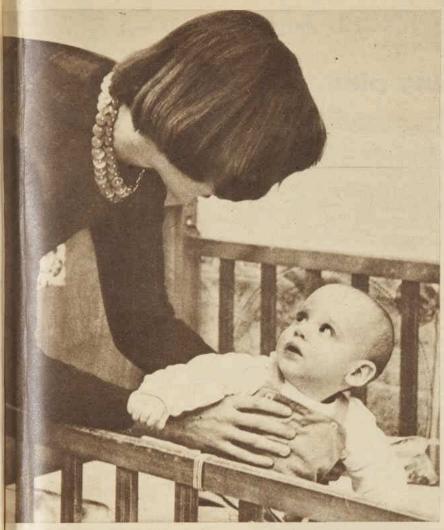
8-PRESENTLY Elizabeth feels a small hand tugging at her necklace. She turns, but it's too soon, and Johnny, still filled with shyness, begins to cry once again.



MOTHER picks him up and his troubles are over for the moment. From the haven of Mother's arms the world is safe, and he grabs her hair to be sure.

Page 12

Your child's emotional growth



4—HIS MOTHER'S FRIEND, Elizabeth, hasn't been to see him since he was a friendly baby of four months and received her gladly. Now he has forgotten her and draws away as Elizabeth attempts to pick him up. Four months may be only a short while to Elizabeth, but it's half a lifetime to Johnny, and therefore a terrifyingly long time.

the staff of the Child Study Association of America, has had many years' experience in counselling parents, both individually and in groups. She is the author of books and numerous articles on child development and parent-child relationship. Miss Szasz is one of the leading photographers of the U.S. and a perceptive photographer of childhood.

In dealing with the emotional problems of childhood, Mrs. Wolf and Miss zasz have chosen life-situations which, hough common to parents and children in living together, are very significant because around each there is often feeling and emotion. Such charged situations easily become strained. They create problems.

The tone of guidance is never stern or scolding, neither is it sentimental. It is kind and sympathetic but firm. Most important—it is practical.

Copyright, From the book "Helping Your Child's Emotional Groseth," by Anna W. M. Wolf and Susanne Szasz, published by Doubleday and Co. Inc., New York,



5-NOW HE STIFFENS and begins to cry, showing distress in every tense muscle of his firm little body. Wisely accepting defeat, Elizabeth does not persist. She puts him back in his cot and calls to Johnny's mother to comfort him.





10—FULL OF GIGGLES and playfulness now. Johnny alternately huries his head in Mother's neck, then turns about to play peck-a-boo with Elizabeth. She smiles, but doesn't touch him.

12—FINALLY at case, Johann relaxes and is friends. Nobody has tried to hurry him, and that is the secret of success with shyness in all babies and children.

JI-REASSURED.
Johnny leans over
and grabs her none.
Mother and Elizabeth
laugh, and Johnny,
pleased with himself, begins to laugh, too. He
is gradually becoming
quite confident and free
from fear and anxiety.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

Be guided by expert knowledge

...in your furnishing plan



The living room above has been carpeted with New Patterned Feltex, Native Rose 400/1.

In the bedroom below Marbled Feltex 707 has been used with charming results.



For the dining room pictured above a lovely new shade of Plain Feltex 648 was used.

FELTEX

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL FLOOR COVERING

Your floor coverings need FELTEX UNDERFELT

— a Branded Product.

Felt & Textiles of Australia Ltd., Manufacturers of Marbled, Plain and Patterned Feltex.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955



RUTH SLOANE, M.S.I.D.,

well-known Interior Decorator tells you how to make the best of your home

The successful furnishing of any room depends on several important factors, the main ones being color, balance and the creation of space. The floor is always a basis for all color schemes and therefore deserves the utmost thought in planning any room.

LIVING ROOM

We have chosen for our first design an all-purpose room which suits to-day's living so well. Here a self-patterned Feltex was selected, both for utility and appearance in a lovely warm Native Rose shade.

Native Rose shade.
The walls continued the color plan. The left wall was painted terracotta and, as contrast, the right side and venetian blind is deep turquoise blue.

A brilliant and exciting note was achieved with plain acid yellow weave curtains and grey and yellow striped material on the wall settee. Two olive green cushions, with the same color repeated on the odd chair, completed the scheme. The chairs in the dining

The chairs in the dining alcove were covered in heavy textured burnt orange material, still teaming with the rest of the room, but, by the use of color, making it an individual unit.

DINING ROOM

In the dining room we chose plain cardinal red Feltex for the floor. As a foil for the stimulating color we painted the walls cloud grey with a chartreuse ceiling and a deeper chartreuse shutter door. Citron yellow chair covers and table top on black wrought iron furniture gave the final color to this contemporary little room.

BEDROOM

A modern and interesting grey and black marble Feltex was used for the bedroom floor, making a background for an unusual wallpaper in narrow stripe of clover pink and raspberry red. This was used on one wall only, the other three were painted dove grey with a clover pink ceiling.

In the room we dispensed with curtains and used, instead, a natural split cane blind. The tailored bedcover and bedhead were made of sea green burlap, which is an excellent fabric in modern settings. Two little cushions in bright clover pink on the bed tied the theme together and balanced the whole design of the room.

Kult Sloane

Eisenhowers buy farm Soaping" dulls hair-

First home of own might mean Ike's retirement

When U.S. President Ike Eisenhower and his wife, Mamie, lest the White House in Washington and headed for an old farmhouse in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to spend a night there recently, it was an event of some significance in the U.S.

THE reporters whose job it is to watch the President's every move trailed after them in hot

But the newsmen, allowed in live virtually on the door-sep of the White House, got loser to the farmhouse an old wooden gate across a winding road running towards it through a cornfield.

Thus, except for a few carpenters and the inevitable Secret Service men, Ike and Manie spent the week-end un-disturbed.

They wandered about the farm—their farm—and gazed out across the calm Pennsylvania countryside at the footvalue countryside at the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge Moun-tains which look in the dis-tance much like the Blue Mountains of New South

This was their first over-night stay at the farmhouse, and interest was aroused be-cause everyone is interested in "Re' Place" for one reason

With most people it's friendly neighborliness. This is to be the Eisenhowers' first With most home a 'place to settle in after 38 years of marriage and life in quarters supplied by the U.S. Army, and, finally, when the General became the President, in the White

Mest people respect the Esenhowers' desire for a home of their own. Their interest is limited to how many hathtubs it will have and how many cattle will graze, but this in't everyone's reaction,

Those who want to see Mr. Einmower leader of the United States for another four years have an inward dread that the century-old farm-house is going to lure him



GREETING FROM A GOOSE brings smiles to the faces of U.S. President Eisenhower and his wife, Mamie, when they visit their new farm property at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

into retirement when his term as President ends next year.

Mr. Eisenhower hasn't commented one way or the other about his plans. But his down-on-the-farm behaviour But his has convinced many people he'll just be Farmer Ike next

He scoops up handfuls of the red earth and talks crop rotation and "farm talk" with the neighbors.

He stands in the midst of ne mortar and bricks and wheelbarrows of the workmen renovating the place and talks carnestly with conservation

And he takes an active interest as Mrs. Eisenhower goes from room to room planning the house's interior, changing her mind about things in ac-

cepted feminine fashion.

If the old house is, in fact, partly responsible for Ike giv-ing up the leadership of the United States, then it will undoubtedly be playing a part in

history.

Already, in the past, it has seen much history,

"Ike's Place"—as the neighbors call it—is on the fringe of the famous Civil War battlefield. A narrow line of trees it overlooks marks a of trees it overlooks marks a field where Confederate General John Hood mar-shalled a final charge before the Southerners fled defeated the next day.

It is close, too, to where President Lincoln soon after-

MICHAEL RAMSDEN, in New York

wards made his Gettysburg

The Eisenhowers bought the arm in 1950 from the former owners, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Spedding, but it wasn't until a little more than a year ago that the remodelling lke and Mamie had planned for the old place finally began.

On the advice of a top On the advice of a top Washington architect, some of the original house, built of red brick before 1850, has been sheared off and two new wings have been added. Mrs. Eisenhower insists that the "century-old" look is maintained, however.

The house, when it is fin-ished, will be comfortable and spacious. It will have eight bedrooms, a large living-room downstairs opening on room downstars opening on to a patio, a sitting-room up-stairs, a large dining-room, an office for the President and a "studio"—part of the attic— where he can paint. Like his old friend Sir Winston Churchill he's an enthusi stic

Churchill he's an enthusisstic artist, but not as good.

Ike purchased the farm originally for about 40,000 dollars (£18,000). The initial estimate was that the renova-tions to the farmhouse would run the bill to about 75,000 dollars (£33,000).

Now it's expected the final cost (which includes some new prize cattle, a tractor, and an elaborate air-conditioning system) will be close to 150,000 dollars (£67,000).

Some of the neighbors have offered a helping hand, either a practical one or just some commonsense advice for a fel-low farmer, and they've been greeted warmly. "I hope greeted warmly. "I hope we'll be seeing a lot of you in the days to come," the President told a group of them the other day.

Even the local newspaper is co-operating in respecting the President's privacy. When President's privacy. When they arrive for a visit it discreetly notes only that:

"Mr. and Mrs. Dwight D. Eisenhower, of Water Works Road, arrived here today from business residence Washington to spend a week-end at home on their farm.'

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of our Ideal Wife and Mother Contest which offers prizes of four Hillman Minx cars valued at a

22. TACT

The contest, which was launched on March 16, is continuing for eight consecutive weeks until May 4.

In each of our issues in Minx cars valued at a these eight weeks we are pub-total of more than £4000. Ishing in coupon form four

COUPON

qualities which contribute to making an ideal wife and

Thirty-two qualities will be listed altogether. All that is required for you to enter is to save the eight coupons and select from them the 12 quali-ties you think are most im-

When you have done that, list the 12 in your order of preference on the official entry form which will be pub-lished with the final coupon in our issue of May 4.

Closing date for entries will be June 8, 1955.

The contest will be judged by a panel of six prominent professional men.

HOW TO ENTER

Cut out each week the coupon showing four of the qualities of an ideal wife and mother. When you have the whole 32 choose the 12 you consider the most essential and list them in order of merit on the entry form which will be printed with the last coupon in our issue dated May 4. A complete set of eight coupons must be attached to each entry form submitted.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

THIS

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beautiful **Beutron** buttons are made by G. Herring (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Willoughby, N.S.W. Timely tip from

Beutron-buy carded Beutrons so you'll always have a spare button or two handy for a crisis.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKEY - April 20, 1955

LA LOLLO SEEN AS MONA LISA

• Twenty-six Italian painters have painted film star Gina Lollobrigida as the Mona Lisa of 1955, claiming her smile has elusive qualities. The portraits were done at a mass sitting. Some of them are shown on this page.

La Lollo rocketed to fame after winning a beauty contest in Rome in 1947, but her figure rather than her face made her name in films. In spite of this, when Epstein asked the star for a sitting, he modelled her head.





ARTIST BRUNO CASSINARI explains his work to Gina. All 26 versions of her face are different, Her husband, Dr. Mirko Skovic, signs contracts and scares off scolves.

The Australian Women's Weekly - April 20, 1955



WOULD SHE LIKE TO ALTER SOMETHING? Gina takes up a brush as she inspects Mario Marinelli's portrait of herself. Though her figure has been emphasised in her films, she claims that her bust measurement is of interest only to her dressmaker. In America Gina refused to be drawn into a Press contour contest with Marilyn Monroe.



DISCUSSING Aligi Sassu's portrait are Gina, Sassu, Dova, Pozzi, and Brocchi. A sidelight of Gina's fame are brassieres made in Paris called "La Lollos." Dr. Skovic censors all news pictures.



GINA AS THE CAMERA SAW HER. This is the pose the film star adopted for the sittings. She has refused roles she considered too "earthy."

Down 17





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eliminates per-spiration odour

by eliminating odour - forming bacteria. Mum will not harm

s smooth.

stain your



I don't want you talking shop with the "I don't want ;"
boys all night, Circulate arouna unmake sure all our guests are enjoying
themselves."



"Look, Mum! That nice lady next door is having a spring cleaning, too."

seems to

Anthony Eden in a difficult role.

His only comfort may be to reflect that, at 57, he could have 23 years to attain Churchill's place in history. But that is not very likely. There could have been for

people who did not feel the sense of drama as the curtain fell on Churchill's reign. He had stayed so long on the stage that many had begun to fear he would fluff the last act. But not Churchill. It was But not Churchill. It was time to go, and he went in his own good time. Historians will dissect and analyse the qualities that

analyse the qualities that made Sir Winston a great man. One of them could be his optimism. Optimism (belief in himself or whatever you like to call it) sustained him in what were regarded as failures in his younger days. Optimism helped him guide Britain in wartime.

And look at the products of him taken as

And look at the pictures of him taken as he made his farewell. Even time has not yet quenched him.

SOME amateur fishing clubs, so it is reported, plan to enlist squads of skin divers to chase fish towards the lines of

And hearken to this: The president of the Skin Divers and Underwater Fishermen's As-Skin Divers and Underwater Fishermen's Association said that skin divers could save anglers days of wasted fishing, and that some divers could catch slow fish with their hands. Well, of course, you can catch fish with a plug of gelignite, too, but, apart from being illegal, is it fishing?

The time is coming when rod and line fisher-men will have to sort out where they stand. Do they want to catch fish, or do they want to go fishing?

Your true angler is an individualist. I doubt he'd stand for a lot of agile young men popping their heads out of the water and saying "Like me to tie one on?"

THE other day I visited an acquaintance of mine who holds an executive position in a big firm. He was scowling. "I wish," he said, "that some of your news-papers would tell girls that if they wish to carve

out a career for themselves one vital thing is to learn to make a good cup of tea. "My secretary is away. She's only 21, but she makes the best cup of tea since my grand-

She's a good-looking, efficient girl, is her trump card. Tell me, is there but the tea is her trump card. some mystery about it?'

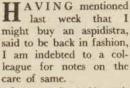
some mystery about it?"

One reason why many young office teamakers are inexpert is that they don't drink much of it themselves. They have been reared by parents who did not believe in giving it to young children, whereas many older denizens of offices were weaned on tea.

A contemporary of mine tells how when she was nine years old she was told one afternoon to make tea for her mother and aunt.

"Don't forget to warm the not." said aunt.

"Don't forget to warm the pot," said aunt.
My friend's mother drew herself up. "No
daughter of mine," she said sternly, "would ever make tea without warming the pot.



It appears that in his youth he knew a celebrated aspidistra, belonging to a Mrs. Mur-

Renowned throughout the suburb for its great size and glossy leaves, it lived in a green jardiniere on Mrs. Murphy's red plush tablecloth. On wet days, when all the

potplants for miles around were ranged down the front paths, Mrs. Murphy's aspidistra stood proudly

in the forefront of her collection.

Some people used to feed the roots of their aspidistras with castor oil, but, as Mrs. Murphy explained to my colleague's mother, the correct procedure was to use the bil to polish the leaves. This she did every Friday.

Occasionally she crushed eggshell and stirred it into the soil round the plant. This, so she said, caused white speckles to appear on the leaves. My colleague's mother disapproved of the fact that Mrs. Murphy stirred in the eggshell with a kitchen fork. So unhygienic, she used to say

Our gardening expert, I regret to add, com-ments that it was also of no avail. If Mrs. Murphy's aspidistra had white speckles on the leaves it was simply because it was that kind

of an aspidistra.
"The theory," she remarked, "is in the same "The theory," she remarked, "is in the same class as the belief that if an expectant mother goes to concerts the baby will grow into a great musician.

ONE of the main attractions for visitors at the Museum of Applied Arts and Sciences, Sydney, the planetarium, is wearing out. Unless there's a large grant of money it may not be possible to replace

Let us hope, with the hydrogen bomb and all, that this is not an omen.

N Germany, a doctor doing research In orthany, a document of the spiders of drugs has fed spiders with benzedrine, marihuana, and seda-tives. They still spin webs, but do so erratically, making many mistakes.

Suppose that Alfred had smelt the cakes And asked, "Is something burning? Or John had never gone near The Wash But taken another turning.

Suppose the spider of Robert Bruce Had been a benzo addict
And said, "I'm weary of spinning webs,
I'm checking out, I've had it."

It wouldn't count in the sum of things, Such tales aren't worth a penny, But history books would be dry as dust And I wouldn't remember any.

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MCR 53

Page 19





CHA CHA CHA CLAP. Mr. M. Abdullah, of Malaya, beats out the mambo rhythm. Keeping time is instructress Miss Astrid Praulins, who has been teaching him the Mambo.



SWIVEL KICK. Instructress Miss Ellen Casey and pupil Mr. John Keating do an advanced step, bending their knees and wiggling their hips to the tune of a bouncy Mambo.

It's a distant cousin of the rhumba

Hey, Mambo! Mambo Australiana! So dong those cowbells, batter that drum, for the dancing world's gone Cha Cha since the Mambo's come.

MAMBO, the dance of loud chanting, waving of of Mamboing without both-the arms, and wild stamping ering about variations like Cuba, swept the States and Cuba, swept the States and the Continent, is already capturing Australian cities and is about to bounce its way through the backblocks.

The word "Mambo" refers to a voodoo priestess in an African ritual dance. The use of the word is derived from the fact that at the moment the Mambo, or priestess, enters at the height of the ceremony,

Those who may shrink with alarm at the thought of their alarm at the thought of their wives and daughters going on like voodoo priestesses might find consolation in knowing that the Mambo of the ball-rooms is strictly civilised and that the word itself is in staid Webster's dictionary (latest within) edition)

Most ordinary dancers, by following the basic steps photographed on these pages and by keeping to the rhythm will be able to enjoy a night

But almost anyone can Cha Cha Cha (that's Spanish for Cha Cha (that's Spanish for chicken-scratching), and with tuition can perform Shine Triples, Cross Over Swivels, Double Underarm Hand Changes, Mambo Rolls, Whip Releases, and a Triple with

Ripple. It's also a dance where you can have a Mambo line (rather like a Congo line) and slither round the floor to the music of any of the countless Mambo records available.

There are the tunes specially written for the dance—"Mambo Italiano." "Papa Loves ano," "Papa Loves Mambo," "They Were Doin' the a n d

HELEN FRIZELL

"Loop de Loop Mambo."
And there are the old tunes hepped up with Mambo rhythm, so that you get these titles coming up—"Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Mambo," and "When I Grow Too Old to Mambo."

Mambo.

All the best Mambo bands feature a vibraharp (which gives off a wild clanging of strings), a piano, specially tuned cowbells, and a set of

tuned cowbells, and a set of bongo drums.

Research on bongo drums reveals that when well beaten their "staccato reports mimic the battle of the sexes."

Sharp and staccato too are

Sharp and staccato too are the handclaps and foot stamp-ing which dancers use to the Mambo beat.

The music is gay and bouncy, especially when the Guiro comes in to play for the Cha Cha Cha Mambo. The Guiro is a gourd which

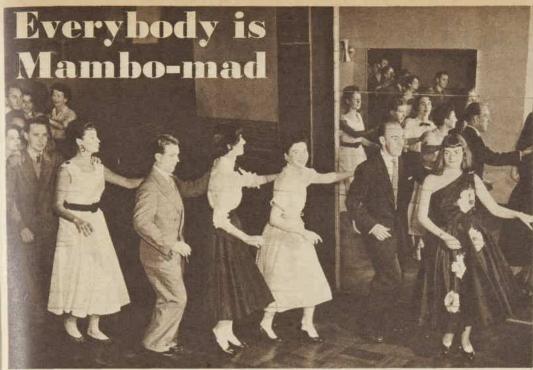


CROSS-OVER break taught to pupil Mr. Victor Newson by dancer Miss Joan Davids.

THE CHASE (right). Mamboing after instruc-tor Keith Bain is his pupil Mrs. Elsie Adamson.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955



scraped with a stick to duce a sound like a chicken

Of course, expert exponents of the dance are able to Mambo with finesse. Down at the Ardur Murray Studio in Sydney, where the Mambo has been taught for the past 15 mouths, I saw Mr. Ervin Christen and his wife Lucille putting in all the extra wiggles and shakes. and shakes.

and shakes.

Later I watched an American-made film on Mambo, in which a couple (apparently beneless) gyrated to the count of "Forward, cross over, back, side, cross, back, side, swivel, swivel, swivel, step." The girl wore a flounced, black Spanish-style dress, and the man an evening mit with flying tails. suit with flying tails.

The man who started the Mambo craze was Cuban-born Perez Prado, who has composed dozens of Mambos since he invented the dance back in

Since then the Mambo has been grafted to American swing and now runs to an

These are the basic steps of the

By following the

nine illustrations

and keeping to the

rhythm you can

Mambo.

Mambo.

"Afro-Cuban rhythm"-if you

According to dark-haired dancer Lucille Christen, the Mambo is "not as rambunc-tious as the samba," but bears distant relationship to the rhumba.

It may be danced any-where—in a nightclub's small space or in the open acreages of a dance floor-with equal enjoyment.

People who have taken their first lessons talk technically

MAMBO LINE, headed by Mrs. Lucille Christen, winds round the ballroom of the Arthur Murray Dance Studio. Sydney. Pictures by staff photographer David Muir.

Mambos:

by the fistful)

together at the count of two. The "peasants" (or people from the American countrystuck out firmly for breaking on two, and as the Mambo is a dance of so many

patterns there seems nothing wrong in doing this.

The Mambo is now being taught in most Australian capital cities and has spread to the Philippines and Asia.

"Afro-Cuban rhythm"

about "single, double, or triple rhythm," Mambo boxes, and breaks. Breaks (when the feet are apart, not together)

cause the most argument.

At a big conference of dancers in the United States, Arthur Murray announced that only geasants "break on two," while city slickers "break on four." Arthur himself preon four." Arthur himself pre-fers the breaking on four, and says that the feet should be

At the Arthur Murray Studio I met Mr. M. Abdul-lah, from Malaya, who was being guided through the basic Mambo box. He showed me a letter from a friend in Kota Bharu who, evidently, was also a Mambo fan. The letter was written in

The letter was written in



I-Take your partner, get on



for everyone else will.

Malayan, but contained an easily read request for sheet music of the following

The Oink Oink Mambo, the

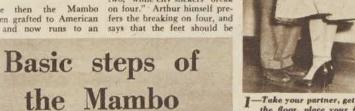
The Oink Oink Mambo, the Koo Koo Mambo, Loop de Loop Mambo, Inane Mambo, Mournful Mambo, St. Louis Blues Mambo, Papa Loves Mambo, and Mambo Italiano. Mr. Abdullah told me that he was going to buy the music from Sydney shops (where it has been selling to Australians by the fistful).

Australian dance lovers have

Australian dance lovers have always enjoyed the latest crazes in r hyth m, from Charlestons to Big Apples, from Hokey Pokeys to Sambas.

Once the wild colonial boys waltzed Matilda, but in 1955 Matilda had better Mambo,

2-Man: Forward left foot. pause. Girl: Right foot back, pause. Switch balance of body to stationary foot.





3—Return to original feet-closed position on the foot, pause. Girl: For-count of three and stand surd left foot, pause. Take slightly away from partner. balance on stationary foot. "doin' the Mambo" now.







6—Man: Step sideways left.

7—Feet closed once more.

pause. Girl: Step sideways
right, pause. Transfer balance is it? Try giving it rhythm
of body to the stationary foot.

8—Man: Sidestep right,
pause, balance. Girl: Sidecompletes your basic
step left, pause, balance. Feet Mambo box. Practise well
apart is known as "break."

before starting any variations.



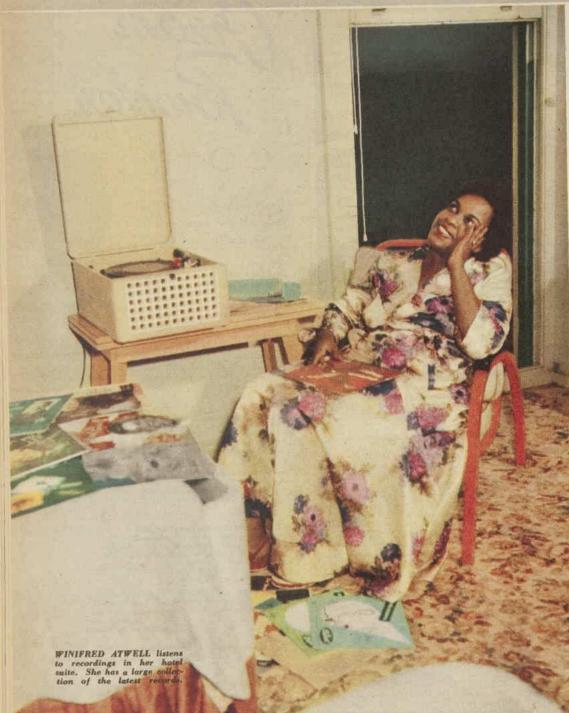


completes your basic Mambo box. Practise well before starting any variations.





WINIFRED ATWELL: Personality Pianist



EIGHT stage gowns specially designed and for which she had time for only one fitting sere flown to Australia for Winifred Atvell. At left she is seearing one of the new theatrical gowns.

wardrobe is as varied as her stage dresses. For dining at Glen Ascham, Sydney, after her Tivoli performance she wears a superb white jersey frock with a schite stole with beaten silver.

SINCE her first taste of success in 1947, visiting West Indian pianist Wini-fred Atwell's earnings have risen from a few pounds to her present £2000 a week.

Her joy in the possessions her success has bought—from a £7000 mink coat to a poodle and a chinchilla cat—is fresh and spontaneous.

and spontaneous.

While Winnie giggled shyly, her husband, Lew Levisohn, told a story about his wife and her first piano.

"Her mother was tired of seeing her practise scales on every windowsill, so when Winnie was six she was given a piano of her own," he said.

"One night her mother

"One night her mother found Winnie was not in her bed. She finally found her standing in the pitch dark beside the piano just stroking the top and grinning from

car to ear.

"Winnie has a phenomenal memory," he added. "It works for everything from telephone numbers. She has only to play a piece a couple of times to be able to practise it in her head."

"It's a great help when you're busy," Winnie said.

do a Grieg concerto with the London Philharmonic Orchestra before I left London, I had only six weeks to learn it and

only six weeks to leart it and I was working on a variety programme all the time. "I went through the score carefully twice and got a men-tal picture of the notes. Then whenever I had a spare min-ute I went over and over it in

"By the time the date of the concert arrived I felt note perfect."

Atwell's Miss humor extends to telling stor-

ies against herself. One of her favorites is

One of her favorites is about the day that she was playing the organ for a wedding in her home-town church in Tunapuna, Trinidad.

"I was only six years old, so when one of the choir girls replaced the wedding march music with another piece, I could hardly read the title, anyhow," she said.

"I watched for the bride to appear and then went straight into my act. It wasn't till many bars later that I realised what I was playing.
"It was 'The Dead March' in 'Saul'."



The charm of Winifred Atwell is made up of a flashing smile and a bubbling excitement that reminds you of a small girl off to a party.



IMPROVISING at the piano, Winifred Atteell spends hours of relaxation at her Sydney hotel. Playing the piano is pleasure as well as work. Pictures by Clive Thompson, staff photographer.





LETTERS HOME are typewritten. Miss Atteell is an expert stenographer. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Atwell, are living in her home at Whetstone, London, during her six months' absence on tour of Australia.

GORGEOUS GOWN. Winifred Awell wears this colorful gown at the finale of each performance. It is one of a collection of new frocks specially purchased for her appearances on the Tivoli circuit in Australia.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

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GAY PARTY AT "ROSEMONT"



GRACEFUL DRESS of white faille, with a wide aquamarine drape crossing the bodice, and falling from waist to hemline, was the choice of Mrs. Peter Spender at the Easter party given at "Rosemont."



ON THE VERANDAH at "Rosemont," home of Sir Charles and Lady Lloyd Jones at Woollahra, are Diana Berkman and Peter Lloyd-Jones at the party given by Romayne Hordern, Charles Lloyd Jones, and Clyde Packer.



QUARTET at the dinner-dance are (from left) Frank Stening, Robin Duggan, Carlie Schartl, and Graham Bosch. Carlie wore a bouffant dress of tangerine organza.



BLACK LACE was appliqued on the full-skirted schite organsa gown worn by Consuelo Zalapa to the dinnerdance. She is with Phillip Kendall, of "Booroola," Wagga.



HOSTESS AND HOSTS. Romayne Hordern, Clyde Packer (left), and Charles Lloyd Jones wait to greet the guests at the purty, given at Charles' home, "Rosemont," Woollahra.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 20, 1955







We published this throughout Australia AGAIN and AGAIN

The makers of Trix—here in Australia—guarantee that their product accords with the high standard of the "famous name" detergents of the United States. They are so confident of its worth that they offer to refund the purchase price to anyone who, after using Trix, does not agree that it fulfils the claims made for it.

XXXV000000

...But not one single person asked for their money back...

Women like Trix - of course they do. Trix saves them work, time and often money. So it's only natural they'd rather have the bottle of Trix than their "money back."

Most modern housewives are using Trix to-day...but if, by any chance, you're still a stickler for "soap-suds," can't we persuade you to try Trix? It would be well worth while for washing-up alone...for Trix cuts wash-up time in half! With Trix. you see, there's absolutely no need to DRY-UP.

Not only for washing-up — but for washing clothes, windows, floors, even the car—Trix detergent is magic-in-a-bottle.



MAKE THE TUMBLER TEST

Wash a tumbler with Trix . . . wash another with suds . . . then (without wiping) let them both drain dry. Just look at that sparkling-clear Trix-washed tumbler! Just look at the soapy film on that suds-washed glass!

Trix is thick

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VARIATIONS ON THE LONGER-LINE THEME on St. Leger day at Randwick. Left: Mrs. Bill Tilley, of Killara, wore a tobacco-brown wool dress, the slim skirt banded at the hip-line. Centre: Mrs. Noel Vincent. of "Invergorerie," Exeter, chose an H-line suit of tawny tweed. The elongated facket was slightly waisted. Right: Mrs. Joshua Pitt. of Melbourne, wore a blue-and-brown tweed dress with a box-pleated skirt.



ARRIVING at Randwick on St. Leger day are Mr. and Mrs. Ken Livingston, of "Kooroogama," Moree. Mrs. Livingston wore a tiny clocke of black-andcinnamon velvet with her tweed suit.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER at the Randwick races on St. Leger day are Mrs. Tom Rutledge (left) and Martha Rutledge. of "Gidleigh," Bungendore.



PRETTY HAT of hyacinth-blue velves, decorated with an enormous stiffened bone to match, was warn by Mrs. Pat Harnett with a black wool dress to the races.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955



TRIO. Marie Sawyer (left) and her brother, Allan Sawyer, of "Eringoarrah," Wagga, with Jan Mills, of Pymble, were guests at the dance given for Julia McFarlane and Jane Lindsay.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE gaieties that envelop Sydney at Easter will come to an end at the week-end, With the two-day polo carnival at Warwick Farm, the Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Randwick, and the G.P.S. Regatta at Penrith, there's something to appeal to most people.

Week's greatest successes was the Country Matrons' Ball

heid at the Australia Hotel.
Hostesses were Mesdames
Jim Ashton, Bob Ashton, Bill
Bishop, Frank Bragg, Frank
Crane, Mick Fairfax, Bob
Mackay, Alex Macleod, Doug
Munro, Bob, Simson, Henry Bob Simson, Henry White, and Peter White,

As usual, one of Easter ONE absentee from the St. Leger Day races was Mrs.
Alan Copeland, who went up
to Mittagong to visit her
daughter, Caroline, at school.

I LIKED the shoes worn to

I LIKED the shoes worn to Randwick by Mrs. Clive Carney. "My daughter June bought them for me in Italy," Mrs. Carney told me. The shoes had very pointed toes, and were of figured black leather, bound and heeled in white, and were worn with a cape-collared black suit.

MATCHING hats seemed a popular choice for sisters at Randwick. Beth and Jill Campbell wore peacock-green velour—Beth's a shell of two velour—Beth's a shell of two wide, interlocking scrolls, and Jill's a straight-set, curved cap (Mary Anne McDonald wore the same model in black). Sally and Sandra Bragg, of "Rossgole," Aberdeen, chose blush-pink velour.

VISITORS to Sydney for the races include the chairman of the V.R.C., Sir Chester Manifold, and his daughter Mary, of "Talin-dert," Camperdown, Victoria, who are staying at the Australia Hotel.

AFTER the races on St. Leger Day, Dr. and Mrs. Gerald Dalton, of Gundagni, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Rob-ertson, of "Balburnie," Gundagai, were the guests of the Lach Horsleys at the Royal Sydney Golf Club's cocktail



COMING-OUT DANCE, fulia McFarlane, of "Milly Milly," Young (left), and June Lindsuy, of "Cucamgilliga," Covera (right), with Mrs. Hector McFarlane (second from left) and Mrs. David Lindsay at the Australia Hotel.



WED IN LONDON. Commander and Mrs. Peter Davie leave St. Peter's, Vere Street, London, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Rosalind Doyle, of Sydney.

NEWLY engaged Alison Mackay and Duncan Mitchell holidayed over Easter with Duncan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Athol Mitchell, of "Morville," Toobeah, Queensland. Alison, who is wearing a sapphire and diamond ring, is the daughter of Lieut-General Sir Iven and Lady Mackay, of Turramurra.

Alison ENTHUSIASTIC visitor to Sydney's big race meetings, Mrs. Ronald Nott, of Melbourne, wore a long-line navy suit, with a huge quilted velvet collar, on St. Leger Day. She topped the en-Day. She top semble with an eye - catching acid - yellow

TOWN AND COUNTRY BALL guests included Mr. and Mrs. Allan Campbell. of Billaboota," Yass. Ball was held at the Australia Hotel to aid Smith Family.

GUEST-OF-HONOR Jan Milson (left), her sister, Mrs. Peter Snow (right), and Ann Livingston, of Moree, at the party given for Jan by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Neville Milson, at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli.



RECENTLY ENGAGED Barbara Bennett, of Bellevue Hill (left), and Dick Har-rowell, of Neutral Bay, with their hostess, Beverley Coles, at her cocktail party.



FAMILY GROUP. Pam Coberoft with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coberoft, of "Herbert Park." Armidale, at Pam's comingout party, held at the Australia Hotel.

HE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

pillbox.

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Page 28

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

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THIS IS ON ME

By Bob Hope

From a Press review: "The screen's supreme clown and burlesquer, Bob Hope, brings spontaneous comedy to his autobiography."

The book is a vigorous, candid account of his early failures, his hard experiences on the road to stardom, and his present associations and surroundings at the top of the tree.

> Price, 15/-From all Booksellers

Worth Reporting

VISITING New Zealand pianist Colin Horsley seems to strike trouble whenever he gives

concerts near the sea.

At one of his concerts in England he nearly fell through the floor—piano and

all.
"The concert was in a converted swimming-pool boarded over for the winter," he ex-plained. "It was an unfortuplained. "It was an unfortu-nate performance all round, because when I began the Rachmaninoff piano concerto with the orchestra I found that the middle C wouldn't work

"We finished the first movement. ment, but with rather a strange 'hotted up' and syn-copated effect,

After that the conductor rushed on with two strong men, who made straight for the piano. Then I saw that the props placed under it had weakened and in another minute the piano would have fallen into the pool, taking ome of the orchestra with

"We completed the concerto after some hasty repairs, but a newspaper critic com-mented nearly the Unfinished Concerto.

Mr. Horsley, a slim, un-assuming young man, had another unnerving experience when he played with the Lon-don Symphony Orchestra at another swimming-pool con-cert in the north of England.

"When we got there we found the hired piano had loose rods on the pedals, so that without a sustaining pedal our Tchaikcvsky oedal our Tchaikcvsk ounded rather like Mozart.

"To help out, the manager of the orchestra crouched under the piano and tied the pedal rod with string every time it became loose. He gave me a sharp tap on the foot to let me know when I could use it again."

Home comforts for travellers

WE went along to the "launching party" of a new company which plans to build a chain of motels in Australia to ease the prob-lem of tourist accommodation.

Talking over a plate of turkey with the guest of honor, Texan motel man Mr. Bill Edmundson, we discovered that new travelling comforts will be available to women when the roadside hostelries

"In the States we cater specially for families," Mr. Edmundson explained. "There are nurseries and playgrounds in most motels—generally with a trained child-nurse or

a baby-sitter.
"Some of them also have a quick diaper service.



store. He says to tell you he's lying awake worrying about your bill, too, if it's any com-fort to you."

By any other

TRAVELLING to the city in a taxi from Kings Cross, we discovered a surprising camaraderie between

prising camaraderie between cab-drivers and traffic police. "Ah! The Stork's on duty here today," the driver re-marked as we swept across an intersection controlled by a tall, lean constable who waved the traffic through by flapping his arms like wings. "We've got names for all of them around town. The only

trouble is we sometimes forget and use them when they're just about to book us. "Up near Gentral Railway

"Up near Central Railway there's 'Silent Night'—his name's Knight and he doesn't talk much. Then there's Happy—he always jokes with us—and The Whistler, who just gives us a whistle when he wants us to go through." he wants us to go through.

Beauty and brains

ELEVEN French women business executives are showing America that Frenchwomen today are far from frivolous, and that a flair for fashion can combine with a business brain.

The women are visiting the U.S.A. on an official mission from the French Government to study the latest industrial plants and conditions.

Led by elegant 65-year-old Madame Edmond Foinant, the women are all mothers many are also grandmothers. They include a 30-year-old paper manufacturer, the mana transport company, a publisher, a cotton spinner and a maker of car accessories

Another member of the group directs an oil company southern France.

Madame Foinant, whose firm manufactures car tools whose sewing machines, ploughs, and tractors, is the first woman to admitted to the Paris Chamber of Commerce.

She is also president of an association of women business executives.

"Until we formed our association we had no idea how many businesses had women behind them," said Madame Foinant. "There are 3½ million women executives to 41 million male executives in France today—a proportion of seven to nine."



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

WS Helen Frisell

country than from one's heart?" is the exiled from one's heart?" is the un-answerable question posed by Australian posed by Australian writer Dymphna Cusack in her newest book, "The Sun in Exile."

On the shipboard journey from Sydney to Journey from Sydney to London, by way of Panama, a young Aus-tralian girl, Vicky, meets and falls in love with Lance Olumide, also a British subject, but of West African birth, whose skin happens to be black and not white.

Their meeting and their marriage are watched by elderly travel writer Miss Alexandra Pendlebury, who relates the story in the rst person.
Miss Pendlebury, at

home in any country but that of the heart, a lover of places rather than of

people, feels the warmth of affection towards the young couple, but sees how prejudice will affect their lives. Smog-bound London,

over-built and over-populated. will, she knows, be the only place where they can live—both exiles from their warm homelands.

Dymphna Cusack, in beautifully written unkindness eventually damp down the fires of their love and ambitions, so that in the end even the hearths of their hearts will be cold

Dymphna Cusack's thoughtfulness, narrative power, and sincerity make "The Sun in Exile" her best book to

Published by Constable. Copy from the publishers

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





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BY RUD





DRESS SENSE & Betty-Keep

A good choice for a junior party dress is the long-torso silhouette. This line made its appearance for autumn and will continue for winter and next spring.

THIS fashion flash answers the young reader's problem below. Here
is her letter and my reply.

THIS fashion flash anand money saver. Best wishes
for a pleasant trip.

DO you think it would
below to also if I had

I WANT to make a short party frock and wondered it I could have one with a long torso, made in a colored velveteen. I don't like fussy styles. Could I get a pattern, size 36in. bust, for the design you suggest? I am 16, tall, and have a well-proportioned figure."

Certainly have your party tress made with a long-torso me. This silhouette is being adapted to practically every type of fashion. The design I have chosen for you is illustrated at right and I think is particularly good for velveten. The bodice is long and smooth, fullness develops at the hipline and gives the design just that touch of softness for extra flattery.

A paper pattern for the dress is obtainable in sizes 32in to 38in, bust. See lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"I AM going on an ocean cruise and would like you to help me so I will be suitably dressed. It is my first trip and I can't decide what to take. The trip is up north, so I will need light clothes."

You will need casual clothes for daytime wear, as you will spend your days swimming, atting in the sun, and playing deck games. Matching shorts and a blouse plus a skirr or a button-front pinafore (either can button on and eff easily) are ideal. You will also require a swimsuit and some type of wrap to wear going to and from your cabin to the swimming-pool—and a bair of dark glasses.

Any ocean voyage calls for an easy, warm coat. Have one in a pretty pastel and you can wear it day and evening on deck. A ballerina (it can be a ballerina-length skirt and separate tops) will be correct for most evenings. The exception is the captain's dinner, when all the women wear foor-length formal dresses. A uit (it can be cotton in the tropica) and a pair of comfortable walking shoes are the best outfit I know for going ashore at ports. Take nylon underwear; nylon is a time

"DO you think it would look out of place if I had a frock made with a fitted waistline and wide skirt?"

No, I don't. Full skirts and tight waists continue in spite of the popularity of the new long-torso silhouette. This is particularly noticeable in pinafore dresses and separates for day and evening.

"I WONDER would you help me plan a new suit. I have some bright navy flannel and if you think it suitable I would like to wear it with a white blouse and colored accessories. I am nearly 16 and very tall."

A "young-look" suit in bright navy would lend itself to thorough co-ordination with white or colored accessories. A pleated skirt, an easy-fit jacket, and a blouse with a Quakerish collar would look young and fresh.

"BEING one of your teenage readers I have decided to write to you for advice. I want a blouse and skirt for winter, something a bit unusual. I have a rather flat-chested figure and am very thin. I have dark hair and eyes and am 164 years."

This season a good mixture for the teenagers is a jersey sweater-blouse and plaid skirt. D.S.136. — Longtorso ternage of the sizes 32 in. is 38 in. sizes 32 in. to 38 in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36 in. may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Have the blouse made up in red with a double-breasted fastening (flattering to your figure), long cuffed sleeves, and a small turn-over collar. Choose a plaid for the skirt that features plenty of red in the same shade as the blouse material, and have it made with box pleats all round.

"WE are having a school fete in July, and as I want a pinafore frock to wear for this occasion I thought you might give me advice about the design. Would velveteen be suitable for the material?"

I don't think you could have anything nicer for your pinafore than velveteen. Choose a pretty color, perhaps American beauty rose or a flattering blue. The choice largely depends on your own coloring; you will know best the shade most flattering to your eyes and hair. Have the pinafore beltless with a camisole top fitted through the waist and the skirt belling softly to the waistline. Wear the pinafore with a soft wool sweater matched in color to the pinafore, but several shades lighter.

"COULD you please advise me if you think a brunette should wear beige?"

A creamy beige (be sure it is not a neutral beige) is most flattering to dark hair and eyes.

"I READ frequently about the H-line and middy tops, but my request is for a fairly informal but fashionable style for a wool frock. I don't want to look old-fashioned, but I do not want either of the silhouettes mentioned above. I do hope you can help me."

A slim, front-buttoned coatdress of rough-textured, blackand-white wool tweed would look elegant and informal and would be right in fashion. Have the design finished with a smartly rolled collar, bracelet-length, cuffed sleeves, and two patch pockets on the skirt.

"I AM wondering if you would help me with the style and color for a woollen coat I want to make to wear late in the winter and well into spring. I am 21 years old, a SSW fitting, and have golden-brown hair and dark eyes. I like Paris styles and always enjoy looking at those you show in the paper."

Chanel-red—a clear, bright red—is one of the most popular coat colors seen round Paris. The newest silhouette is narrow and straight, often finished with wide, wear-asyou-like revers (up around the ears or flat on the shoulders).

"I WOULD be so grateful if you would help me plan a warm winter outfit to be made in fine-textured grey rayon wool. I want something more unusual than a tailored suit. My size is 32in. bust, 254in. waist."

My suggestion for your winter outfit is a jumper-middy costume consisting of a separate middy blouse, hip-length jacket, and slim skirt-all made in the same material. Have the middy beltless, curved to the waist, well-fitting at the hipline, and finished with a deep, slashed neckline; the latter could be filled in with a white pique dicky or scarf. Have the jacket slender and slightly square—the boxy look from last season slimmed down. Have the skirt narrow, with a kirk pleat at the centre back.

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Beauty in Brief :

Nail Health

By CAROLYN EARLE

• There is no more useful technique for keeping the nails in good condition than regular oil manicure and pedicure.

WARM oil works wonders in keeping cuticles soft and flexible, and it often helps to improve the nails themselves, preventing splitting and flaking and helping them to grow.

Of course nobody needs to be reminded that massaging the skin of the hands and feet with oil is routine maintenance. Whenever you have ten minutes to spare for beauty, wrap each finger and toe in a piece of oil-soaked cottonwool and relax for the prescribed period.

Another ideal treatment is to immerse the nails in a bath of warm oil during manicure-pedicure sessions. Afterwards, push back gently on each cuticle with an oil-tipped orangewood stick to shape and smooth the edge.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1955

Staisweet Staisweet The Decoderant you can trait Staisweet

"ESQUIRE" HANDBOOK FOR HOSTS

By The Editors of "Esquire."

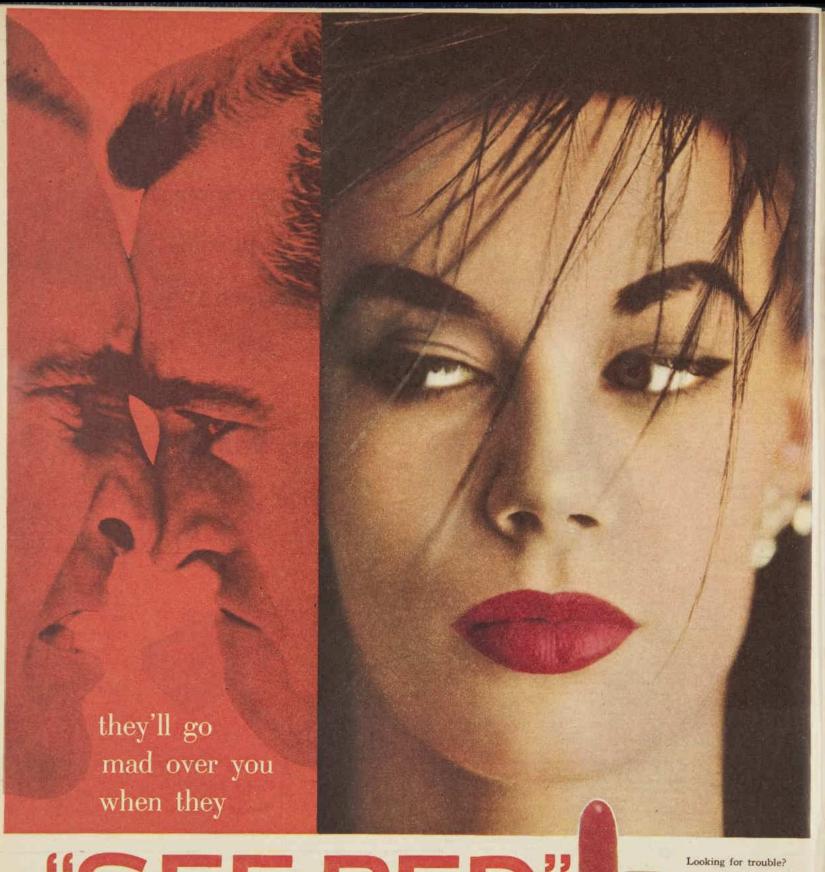
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Page 34

Wear "See Red" ... the maddening new lipstick color by Max Factor. But careful-don't start anything you can't finish! 9/11. Plastic refill, 6/11.

WNY YOUR SAMPLE LIPSTICK
IS DELAYED—
Frankly, you surprised us. We knew you'd want to try "SEE RED", but the demand has really overwhelmed us. So please be patient—you will have your "SEE RED" sample in just a few days.

MONTHLY SECTION

For Teenagers

Fashion news on the party line You can buy this party dress in the color material

CANDY HARDY CHOICE

TO begin this month's teenage supplement of party fashions and party fun I have chosen this party frock. It will be perfect for exciting dates during the autumn and winter party season.

As it is short-skirted and, I think, really sweet, I have called it just that — "Short and Sweet."

The frock can be bought ready-made for a very special price, and cut out ready to sew for even less.

The material choice is a wonderful embossed cotton in three pastel shades (see color patches at top of page) and a very special non-crush taffeta-like material called crackerstaf (samples at foot of page).

I chose the design because it is fresh and young and full of fashion. The silhouette, princess and unbroken, is a line that suits and flatters all figure types.

For that extra boost and bit of glamor (sometimes so needed) the skirt can be made more billowy by a stiffened petticoat or petticoats.

"Short and Sweet" can be ordered right from your own desk. To speed mail orders, I would like you to make a second color choice,

Orders should be addressed to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney; Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address.

"Short and Sweet" is available in embossed polished cotton in white and pastel shades of pink, lemon, and aqua-blue.

Ready to wear: Sizes, 30in., 32in., and 34in. bust, 77/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

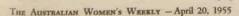
Cut out only: Sizes, 30in., 32in., and 34in. bust, 55/9; 36in. and 38in.bust, 58/9. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

"Short and Sweet" is also available in crackerstaf in white as well as rose-pink, American beauty, rich lemon, and apple-green.

Ready to wear: Sizes, 30in., 32in., and 34in. bust, 96/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 98/9. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

Cut out only: Sizes, 30in., 32., and 34in. bust, 78/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage and registration, 3/3 extra.

-CANDY HARDY



It's a date for a party

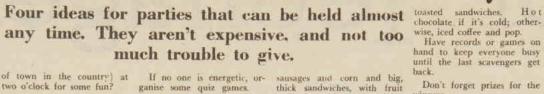
THE good fun of an impromptu party is largely a matter of luck. As everyone knows, there's nothing like an occasion and a plan to get people in a party mood.

So here are some good rea-sons to make it a date for a party. None of them is exparty. None of them is ex-pensive to carry out. Most of them are informal, fun-whereyou-find-it ones that guarantee a good time for everyone.

PICNIC TREASURE HUNT. This is a good one for any Saturday, Sunday, or holiday afternoon.

Print your invitations—zig-zag print will do—on torn seraps of thin cardboard announcing a Treasure Hunt Picnic, and will the guests, wearing old clothes, meet at a certain place (an outer certain place (an outer suburb if a city or the edge





two o'clock for some fun?

When the guests arrive, they'll find another message telling them to divide in teams of two-boy and girland go 50 yards to the willow tree. On the willow tree is

another message and so on. The messages will lead the guests to a picnic ground where you have food and games ready for them.

The first team to get to the

spot has to dig up the "treasure"—earrings or a scarf for the girl, a tie for

the boy.

Boil the billy and have afternoon tea, plus hot dogs and bread and butter for the really hungry.

really hungry.

Take along a bat and a ball for a kids' game of rounders if yours is an energetic crowd. Or try out again that other kids' favorite. Sheep, Sheep, Come



BARN DANCE This is good for any night in the year. It needs a barn, a big verandah, a rumpus room—or just indulgent parents.

Send off your invitations requesting everyone to come in farm costumes—boys as girls and girls as boys.

Decorate the room with cornstalks, pumpkins, or other farm produce, with a scarecrow in one corner. Have enough records close to

TEENAGE leave a space in the middle of the room for square dancing.

Fix up a Crazy House, with a skeleton, a witch, and magic symbols outside in the garden or in another room. The ramp or in another room. In Fallip leading to it can be a (secure) plank guided by ropes that you can let drop off at the end— but not more than a foot.

Put someone charge of it. A broken ankle isn't funny.

Get someone to dress as a ghost and shake a clammy hand with everyone—done with a wet rubber glove. Serve substantial food—

sausages and corn and big, thick sandwiches, with fruit and cakes and pop should fill. A good way to keep the fun

going is to make the guests work for their apples. Put the apples in a basin of water and make them try to bite them without touching with their hands. Anyone who gets an apple may eat it.

SCAVENGER HUNT. An old kids' one that can be whipped up into good fun at little notice.

When your guests arrive, SECTION give each a list of "treasures" to track

down. the boys and girls by ribbons -those with matching colors

They set out in twos on the search armed with their lists. Here is a sample list:

- · A penny dated 1940. A new toothbrush.
- A used 61d. stamp.
- One of your baby pictures.
- A sixpenny bus ticket. A 1954 calendar.
- A feather boa.

While your guests are out hunting, you'll have time to prepare the food. Make masses of scones and a tray-load of

until the last scavengers get

Don't forget prizes for the

HOBO HOLIDAY. can be planned well ahead or put on almost impromptu.

Phone your invitations or send them out roughly scrawled in charcoal on brown

There are no good clothes or decorations at this party.
Move out all the good furni-ture or stage the party on the verandah, with rags and old curtains for decorations.

No chairs are necessary Cushions are good enough, and everyone sits on the floor.

Play games-Crisscross Ball is a good starter. In this one partners find each other by matching two jagged halves of a circle cut from paper and torn in two.

Get everyone into a ring. Partners kneel opposite each other and try to roll a ball to each other while every other couple tries to get it away from them.

Everyone must stay in his own place and must not touch any other player when grab-bing for the ball.

It's almost impossible to

keep to the rules, so p some penalties and forfeits.

Eat sitting on the floor if you like. But even if you move to a table, have the spread hobo-style.

The cloth should be torn and old and the food should be served on the oldest kitchenware you can rum-mage. Sandwiches on tin pieplates, pop in teacups, ic cream in saucers.

Finally, here's a party game that can be played at any sort of party. It's called Rumor.

Each guest is given a penci. The first one has to write man's name at the ton long piece of paper, fold down long piece of paper, fold down the name, and pass it to his neighbor, who has to write a girl's name. The third has to write where they met, the fourth what they said, and so on, all without seeing what the previous players have written.

Have several pieces of paper oing at once—as many there are players.

When the stories are fin-ished, each guest has to read aloud the completed manuscript he's holding.



" You asked for Benson & Hedges vigaretter, Sir"



Benson & Hedges are froud to amounce that their Super Virginia eigarettes are available in the world's most famous trains, including, in Great Britain:

THE GOLDEN ARROW - THE QUEEN OF SCOTS - THE DEVON HELLE THE YORKSHIRE PULLMAN . THE STATESMAN . THE BRIGHTON BELLE THE HARROGATE PULLMAN . THE BOURNEMOUTH BELLE THE KENTISH BELLE + THE TEES-TYNE PULLMAN + THE CUNARDER

How often it will be found that the luxury and comfort of near-toeffortless travel is heightened still more by the deep pleasure of smoking BENSON and HEDGES Super Virginia cigarettes-so very carefully made from the finest of fine tobaccos.

only the best

There are also SPECIAL VIRGINIA CORK TIPPED for those who prefer th

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

BENSON & HEDGES LTD . OLD BOND STREET . LONDON . Page 36

FOR TEENAGERS:

DEBBIE MAKES SAVORIES

 Savories are a must for a buffet party, and they're tempting and eye-catching additions to all party menus. In the series of pictures below, our teenage chef, Debbie, shows how to prepare five top favorites. Much of their appeal is to the eye, so serve them attractively, preferably on large platters, as illustrated by Debbie at right.





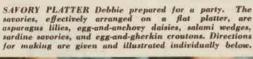
ASPARAGUS LILIES: Trim crusts from square slices of fresh bread, either brown or white, spread the slices with butter. Place a stick of asparagus diagonally on each, season with salt and pepper, fold edges over, and press lightly together or secure each with a cocktail stick.



SALAMI WEDGES: Top thick slices of skinned salami (or gardic or luncheon sausage) with mashed potato flavored with butter, pepper, chopped chives, and chopped parsley. Use freshly cooked potato or your own favorite potato soled mixture. Cut each slice into four wedges as shown.



SARDINE SAVORIES: Drain the oil from a tin of sardines, lift the sardines carefully to a flat plate and sprinkle them with lemon juice and pepper. Butter oblong savory biscuits, place a sardine on each, and decorate with small thin strips of red pepper for flavor, interest, and a splash of color.





EGG-AND-ANCHOVY DAISIES: Spread savory biscuits with butter and fish paste. Cut hard-boiled egg-white into small pieces or tiny leaf shapes and arrange on top like the petals of a flower. Place a cocktail onion in centre. You may use any small round savory biscuit as a base.



EGG-AND-CHERKIN CROUTONS: Spread fried, baked, or toasted bread croutons with butter. Place a slice of hardboiled egg on each and decorate with a small gherkin cut into thin slices or use stuffed olives. A similar effect may be achieved by using mashed and curried hard-boiled egg.



For the kind of elegance that marks you as a woman of good taste, be sure that the Skirt you choose bears the Sutex label. Available in a wide range of styles, and new colours to suit every occasion, Sutex Skirts are created by Fenmoor and skilfully tailored from exclusive, all-wool Sutex Worsteds. They're at all the leading stores. Before you buy be sure you see the Sutex label . . . it is your guarantee of complete satisfaction.



AND OF COURSE, EXQUISITE SUTEX NYLONS
... THEY'RE SI-RO-PREGNATED

. . . THEY'RE SI-RO-PREGNATED

Page 37



LEARN FROM THE SURGEONS

Be guided by the wisdom of the specialists: whenever infection threatens, use Dettol promptly.

THE ANTISEPTIC DOCTORS USE

TEENAGE SECTION

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

One of the questions a girl is constantly asking herself is: "Though John is dreary, can I afford to discard him?"

BECAUSE realism and prudence are feminine basics, every girl tends to hold on-gratefully-to a steady.

A girl who wrote to this A girl who wrote to this page summed up the attitude: "Frankly," she said, "I'd give anything to be going steady with someone if only to be assured of a permanent

She added:

"WHENEVER I complain to my family that I'm 19 and have no steady boy-friend, I'm told I have

plenty of time yet. Maybe; but nobody seems to realise what it means having no one to rely on as a partner for parties, as a partner for parties, dances, weddings, etc. Although I love these functions I dread receiv-ing invitations, which are invariably for 'Miss Blank and friend.' I have to and friend. I have to choose between going alone and spending a mis-erable evening feeling out of things because everyone else has a partner or in-yenting some excuse for not attending.

"Fed Up," Vaucluse,

N.S.W.

The way things are you're up against a brick wall. Parties are splendid places for meeting prospective partners, and if you don't go to the parties your chances of meeting them are that much

You've forgotten that there's a third alternative. You're not restricted to going alone or staying at home.

TEENAGERS are in-

vited to submit short short stories for publica-tion in our monthly teen-

e issues. Stories should be about

1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's

name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper

only and must be accom-panied by a stamped, ad-

dressed envelope big enough to hold the manu-

script in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written

mean just that. They don't mean "and boy-friend." In other words, you don't have to have a steady boy-friend for such occasions.

Aren't there some boys you know? Haven't you a cousin (no matter how weedy) or a girl-friend's brother you could get to do his duty?

It's quite proper for you to ask them, remember. You simply have to say you've been asked to the party and to

Your bird-in-the-hand is here." "Hey, Sis.

bring a friend, and would John or Tom or whoever he is care to go with you.

Don't turn up your nose because this one is too dreadful or the other one is too awful, or that you just couldn't ask.

Later on, you'll be more or-ganised, but for the time being settle for even the poorest ver-

and signed by the author and endorsed by parent,

guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's

own original, unaided work and is not adapted

from or based on any story read.

given in the teenage issues on any stories that merit

it. Otherwise criticisms annot be given.

Stories are judged at full adult publication standard, so must measure

up to this in order to be

Brief comment will be

When these invitations say sion of a partner. Anyone who "Miss Blank and friend," they can pass muster is good enough can pass muster is good enough to get you into circulation.

I sympathise with you about the family's attitude. What they say is true — you are young and there is plenty of time yet to worry about not having a steady. But to sit at home while every other girl in the world seems to be out having a gay time is to hit the depths of despair.

"I AM to be married quietly at an evening wedding. I will not be dressed as a bride

ill not be dressed as a bride and the reception will be held at home with about only half-a-dozen friends outside the families (about 30 guests). As the family and friends will be at home about an hour be-fore myself and the bridegroom, would it be in order for them to re-move their hats? If so, when I return, do I rewhen I return, do I re-move mine before meeting the people at the recep-tion?"

Alice, Canterbury, Vic.

It would be in order for the women to remove their hats—but only if they want to. Many of them will have gone to a lot of trouble to get some-thing pretty and suitable to wear for the occasion,

and may prefer to keep their hats on.

It would be quite all right if you take off your own hat, but you'd be wiser to stay hatted and complete. This gives you one less detail to worry about.

It's not usual for the guests to be at the reception before to be at the reception before the bride and groom. Mostly, the couple try to be there waiting with their parents to receive their guests.

I'm sure you have some good reason for arranging things differently. And, after all, at a quiet family wedding, you can afford to depart from the rules.

"MY hobbies are dancing, knitting, sewing, horseriding, sport, and letter-writing. I would like a penfriend about 15 years of age from Western Australia, Tasmania, and Kangaroo Island.'

Irene Dayman, Cobera,

logically combines all three in the bright musical, "Paint Your Wagon". "I love the theatre, but it's hard work", says "That's why I watch my health and diet. Fresh, wholesome food at every meal with Vegemite every day as a must. I specially like Vegemite on hot buttered toast." BULL

Kerry Itilla

leenogero

Beauty care starts early . .

Here's a new "Vegemite Star A "Waist-Master" Exercise

Mother knows best! She's been giving you Beauty Care all your life, perhaps without you noticing it. She's watched your dist, shampooed your hair, taught you syrunulous ber.

regularly to the dentist, corrected your faulty posture habits and generally fussed over her chick. But from early teens on it's really Up to You to carry on the good work without her constant supervision. Good heauty-habits, like pretty manners, are best learned early for lasting good.

Meet Miss Teenager of New Zealand! 18-year-old Kay Smith-now in Austra-lin, is talented as well as good looking—she

as well as good looking — she acts, sings and dances . . and logically com

Vitamins and You.

scrupulous per-sonal cleanli-ness, taken you regularly to the dentist, cor-rected your faulty posture-habits and opener

Beauty Health

Charm

Know-how

for

Best exercise I know for reduc Best exercise I know for reducing pudgy waists goes shis-a-way Sit on average height stool or chair, plant feet firmly on floor, knees apart. Raise arms above head, then swing down, pressing side of head against inside of each knee in turn. Thirty bends down to each knee every moraing, please. It's difficult at first most exercises are. But in a couple of weeks you'll be glad you persevered!

vou persevered!

* * *

Vitamins? They're the magic lifesource substances we all need
every day, for health, energy and
good looks. They're in all growing things, that's why your daily
diet should include plenty of
fruit, salads, vegetables. And
it's a good plan to help yourself
often to that famous "Vegemite"
jar. "Vegemite" provides you
with Vitamins B1, B2 and Niacin
and those are three vitamins
your body can't store up. You
just must have them every day
if you want to look and feel
your very best!

So — for the

So — for the best "Know-How" of all — it's VEGEMITE EVERY DAY

because of its zesty flavour, its high nutrition value—and those three energizing, beautifying Vitamins—B₁, B₂ and Niacin!

Goodbye now . . .

Kerry Itill

GREAT deal of promising work was submitted during the past month.

Although some of you may be disappointed

at failing to reach publication standard, re-member that there is a great deal of craftsmanship in story writing, and constant practice is essential.

Quite a number apologise for stories being untidy or weak. If you really feel that, it is only a waste of time sending them in, as the self-criticism is invariably true.

As regards untidiness—though we are pre-pared to accept hand-written manuscripts, they must be perfectly clear, not scrawled, crossed out, or in any way indistinct.

The following are specially commended for

E.S., New Ireland, T.N.G.: Theme quite good; style not up to standard. K.C., Toowoomba, Qld.: Promising theme,

and ending quite good; general style not up to standard.

W.W., Nedlands, W.A.: Promising; some good writing; characters unconvincing.

good writing; characters unconvincing.
C.W., Corio, Vic.: Theme promising, but
too drawn out and carelessly written.
W.R., Millswood, S.A.: Very good writing;
story a little weak in parts and not our style.
P.F., Boyne Valley, Qld.; D.H., St. Ives,
N.S.W.: Well written; conclusion too obvious.
G.L., Arundale, N.S.W.; J.C., Blair Athol,
S.A.; C.K., Cronulla, N.S.W.: Quite promis-

ing; well written; too short and slight for a

Page 38



Miserable over

that hateful oiliness.

the that hateful oiliness, terr night and morning, after usus your face—swirl anowy, oling Pond's Vanishing Cream or your face. Leave a deep coat cream on for one minute. The teralotytic action of this greasess cream dissolves off oily dead in flakes. Excess oil is gone, no il glands can function nor oil glands can function nor oil glands can function are oil dead water. This daily desiling treatment with Pond's anishing Cream works wonders!

Ever since grandma was a girl ...



... she's known the value of genuine lamps

Paul I. Wellman

This is Wellman's finest novel yet.

Theodora, beautiful, ruthless, all-powerful Empress of Justinian in sixth-century Constantinaple, was born in utter squalor.

This magnificent historical romance is the story of her rise - from the notorious Street of the Women to the proudest throne in the Western world.

> Price 18/9 From all Booksellers

without salt. The radio stations do a wonderful job, but someone always wants to try out a samba step or hear a number from that new musical.

you haven't a radiogram you could do a lot worse than settle for one of the attractive electric gramophones now on the market.

They're completely self-con-tained and you don't have to connect them to an existing radio. Just plug into a power point and the party's on.

At this point a word of warning is called for. If you have any microgroove discs which are particularly precious to you, it is advisable not to play them on other people's instruments.

with standard records, which are made to take considerably more "punishment" than the newer type of disc, it doesn't matter so much, but a microgroove platter can be

GRAPH (above) for drafting collar pat-tern, the scale in 3in. squares. Draw graph on paper and cut out as shown.

* INSIDE of bag section (left) with pockets stitched on.

• MUFF lining (below) showing casing for elastic on each side, sip-per at one end, and inserted bag

other end.

81"

damaged by any one or more of these three hazards:

· A worn-out stylus. This is a menace in a strange gram. Neither yourself nor the owner may suspect that it is due for may suspect that it is due for replacement, and to use one could cause the beginning of the end of your record's youthful life.

The pick-up trans.

The pick-up may be too

· The tracking of the pickup—the manner in which the pick-up arm travels in an arc across the record. It may act in a manner totally different from your own gram, and although a few plays will not do any appreciable harm, it is best not to risk it with a valuable record.

In any case, it's always wiser not to use your best records at a party. Someone

is osually eager to change a disc when you're out of the room, and if he's not familiar your gram a tragedy is likely to result.

Some records I've enjoyed at recent parties are "Jerry Colonna's "Music For Screaming" (33OS,7509) and Spike Jones' Musical (ODLP,7503). "Course Depreciation'

Play them early in the evening unless you want your

neighbors to start telephoning the local gendarmerie.

If yours is the kind of party at which folk like to sing, try "Vera Lynn's Party Sing-Song" (Y6659).

- BERNARD FLETCHER



UNCRUSHABLE, WASHABLE Wool Ties

White fur fabric for glamor

RENE, our fashion artist, inspired by the muff shown on page 35 with the Candy Hardy party dress, describes here just how it is made. For good measure Rene designed a matching cape collar. Instructions are given below.

MATERIAL REQUIRED: One-third yd. fur fabric, ½yd. silk for lining, 7in. zipper, ½yd. of ½in. elastic, enough cotton wool to use double in muff for padding.

Muff: Cut an oblong 12in. x 21in. from fur fabric and another oblong 11in. x 20in. from silk for lining. Join these two pieces together (on the wrong side) around three sides, easing fur fabric into the slightly smaller lining, and leaving one end open.

Turn inside out. Handstitch silk lining along either side to make a casing, through which the elastic can be threaded. Next join the 7in, zipper, centred, to the turned and finished end of muff jin, in from the

Now cut from lining material an oblong 8½in. x 12½in. and two small squares 4in. x 4in. This piece makes the "bag" to be inserted into muff. Hem the top of the two small squares and sew on to the bag as shown in the diagram below, then fold over with pockets inside and join either side to make

a bag.

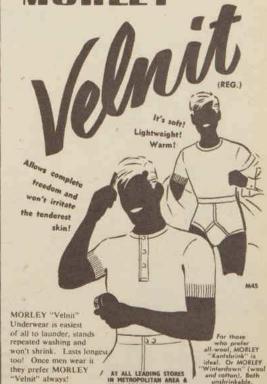
Put cotton wool padding into the muff
through its open end, and then insert the
bag. Turn in, tack and sew the top of the
bag on either side to the lining and fur
fabric. Next lightly tack (with only small fabric. Next lightly tack (with only small stitches showing) the lining to the padding, about 2in. in from the edge all round.

side, pulling into wrist measurements, and sew firmly either end. Now join muff, sewing one side of the bag under the already stitched part of the zipper and the other side of the bag over the unstitched side of zipper. Then stitch the muff together firmly either end of zipper to finish off. Thread elastic through casing on either

Collar: Make graph, as shown left, from which to cut pattern. Cut fur fabric and lining from this. Stitch lining all round edge of fur fabric on wrong side, leaving neck open to turn inside out. This done, turn in the neck edge and stitch.

Next slip-stitch lining all round, ‡in. from Next sup-stitch ining all round, \$10. Irom edge, with a neat running stitch. Make a bow from a small strip of fur fabric (about 10in. x 2½in. and turn in on either side). Stitch to one side of collar. Sew to it a fairly large hook and make an eye on the other side of collar to fasten.

it's got everything men want! MORIFY



Always look for the name MORLEY

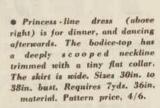
Page 39



3600



• Short-skirted evening dress (above left) for important parties and dances. The dress has a halter-strapped camisole bodice-top and is wrapped with a cummerbund. Sizes 30in. to 38in. bust. Requires 9yds. 36in. material and 4yd. 36in. contrasting material. Pattern price, 4/6.



2270

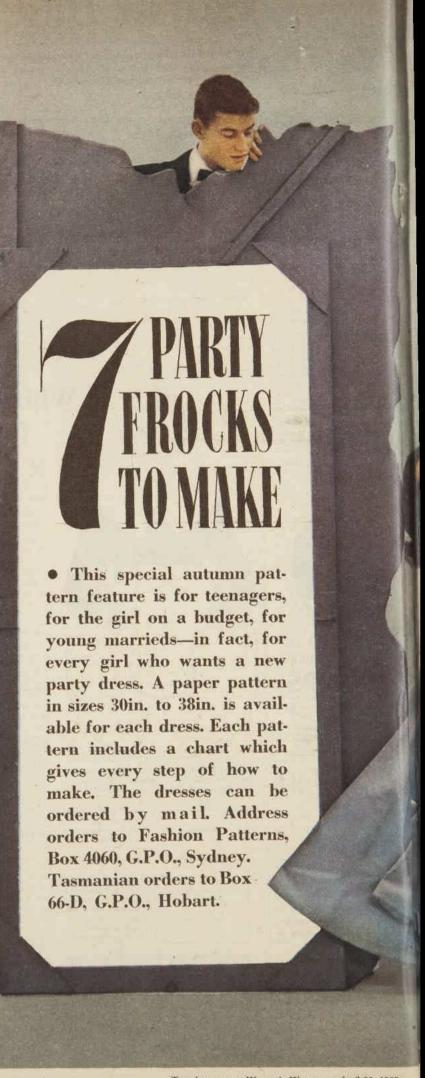




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Princess-line dress (left) in this year's blue — the luminous blue of a sapphire. The neckline is deeply slashed, the sleeves pushed up a bove the elbows, the skirt bells out prettily. Sizes 30in. to 38in. bust. Requires Thyds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 4/6.







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and stops tooth decay BEST!

Every time you brush your teeth with Colgate Dental Cream, you can actually feel how smooth and clean they are. Your teeth are whiter . . . brighter . . . and you are assured of round-the lock protection against decay-causing enzym

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can take the hard knocks of travel life or become a treasured table time-piece at home. A twist of the wrist winds both alarm and precision 10-jewel movement . . . the big sweep-hand sets your waking to the minute. Available also with a handsome leather travel case.

The Swiss Alarm Clock of Precision



Page 42

Continuing Bath Tangle

peremptory command, but turned to greet his hostess. She made him politely welcome, but had scarcely time to offer him her hand before Mrs. Floore was again claiming her atten-

"If you've seen the news-papers this morning, my lady, you won't wonder what brings me here!"

"No, indeed: most-most interesting news, ma'am! You must be excessively pleased, I am sure!"

"Well," said Mrs. Floore, "I don't deny it's a fine thing to be marrying a Marquis, for I daresay they don't grow on every tree, and a very odd sort of a woman I'd be if I didn't feel melled an every better. of a woman I'd be if I didn't feel puffed-up enough at this moment to burst my stay-laces. If Emma likes him, I'm very glad he is a Marquis; but if she don't, he might be fifty Marquises, and still I'd say she'd be better off with a plain man she could like!"

"We must suppose that she es like him, ma'am," Serena

does like him, ma'am," Serena aaid smiling.
"Begging your pardon, my dear, we don't have to suppose anything of the kindl" said Mrs. Floore bluntly. "You know that daughter of mine, and so, I'll be bound, does her ladyship! What poor little Emma might like is the last thing in the world she'd trouble her head about, and that's the truth, small pleasure though it is to me to say such a thing of my own flesh and blood!"

Fortunately, since Fanny

Fortunately, since Fanny knew not what to reply to this knew not what to reply to this forthright speech, Lybster came back into the room at that moment, so that she was able to create a diversion by supplying her guests with refreshment. "No doubt you have had letters from them, ma'am?" Serena said.
"I've had one from Substitution

Serena said.

"Tve had one from Sukey, my dear, but Emma's not one for writing letters. And if she had written to me I wouldn't know any more than I do now, because it's my belief that Prawle made her learn off by heart a set of letters out of the "Complete Letter-Writer," and told her never to use any other ones. As for Sukey, naturally she's in high delight! In fact, anyone would think she was in love with this precious Marquis herself, for she gives him such a character that if Marquis herself, for she gives him such a character that if I credited the half of what the writes I should very likely think he was an Archangel. So, since Ned, who happened to be with me when Roger came in with the newspaper and the letters, couldn't tell me any more about him than that he was a famous sportsman, I made up my mind I'd come straight round to see you, Lady Serena, for, 'Mark my words,' I said to Ned, 'her ladyship will know all about him!' And you needn't mind speaking out in front of him, my dear, any more than all about him!" And you needn't mind speaking out in front of him, my dear, any more than if he was my son, which I'm sorry to say he isn't! What's more, he's pretty well acquainted with Emma, for he saw a great deal of her when she was staying with me, and went with us to the Assemblies, and the theatre, and such-like." Serena glanced at Mr. Goring, but his countenance gave nothing away.

ing, but his coun-nothing away. "Yes, Lord Rotherham is "Yes, Lord Rotherham is ry well known in the world sport, I believe," Fanny said,

in a colorless voice.

Mr. Goring raised his eyes from the contemplation of the wine in his glass, and directed

wine in his glass, and directed a level look at her.

"Well, I don't know that I like the sound of that, to start with!" said Mrs. Floore dubiously, "If he's a racing man, that means betting, and I've got one gamester on my hands

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from page 5

already, and I don't want another!"

Fanny was too overcome by the thought of Rotherham's being on Mrs. Floore's hands to venture on a response. Serena laughed out, and said: "Don't be alarmed, ma'am. Rotherham's fortune is extremely large, and he is a great deal more addicted to boxing, and shooting, and bunting than to

shooting, and bunting than to gaming!"
"Well, I'm glad to hear you say so, my dear. Not that I hold with boxing, because it's low, and not the sort of thing I should expect a Marquis to be fond of. However, Ned tells me it's quite the established mode amongst the smart beaux, and at all events he won't go dragging Emma into boxing-saloons. But if he thinks to make her go out shooting and hunting with him it won't do at all! Why, she'd be frightened to death!"

"I expect, ma'am, that he must be aware that—she doesn't

"I expect, ma'am, that he must be aware that—she doesn't share his tastes in that direction."

"If he don't know it now he will the very first time he sees her crying her eyes out all because the cat's got hold of a mouse!" said Mrs. Floore. She looked piercingly at Serena. "Tell me this, my dear! How old is he?"

"He is thirty-eight," replied

Serena calmly.
"Thirty-eight! That's more than twenty years older than she is!" cried Mrs. Floore, aghast.

"True. He is not cross-eyed, however," Serena said, with a faint smile.

MRS. FLOORE considered a moment. "There must be something wrong," she pronounced at length, "or why wasn't this Marquis snapped up years ago? He isn't queer in his attic, is he?"

"Far from it! His understanding it predicts and here."

standing is excellent, and he does not suffer from any in-firmity whatsoever."

"Come, that's better!" said Mrs. Floore, relieved. "Is he handsome?"
"No. I should rather call him striking, ma'am. Gertainly not handsome."
"Do you know him well, my dear?"

To you know him well, my dear?"

Fanny cast an anxious glance at Screna. After a moment's hesitation, Serena replied: "Very well. I have known him all my life."

"There! What did I tell you?" Mrs. Floore demanded of her escort. "I knew which shop to come to! So now you answer me this, my lady, if you'll be so good, and that I know you are!—Is he the sort of man that'll make my Emma a good husband?"

"Indeed, I hope so, ma'am! He can give her — a great position, wealth, consequence."

"I know that," interrupted Mrs. Floore grimly. "And it ain't what I asked you, my dear!"

dear!"

Aware that not only Mrs.
Floore's gaze was fixed upon
her but Mr. Goring's also,
Serena said: "Dear ma'am,
you must not question me so
closely, if you please! I think
you cannot be aware that I
was once engaged to Lord
Rotherham myself!"

Mr. Goring's gaze now be-

Mr. Goring's gaze now be-came intent; Mrs. Floore was so much surprised that she

so much surprised that she nearly dropped her wineglass. "You?" she gasped. "Bless my soul! Goodness gracious! Well, I declare! That's one thing Sukey didn't see fit to tell me—if she knows it?"

"The engagement — and its termination—were in all the newspapers, ma'am," Serena replied, her color heightened.

"Ay, they would be," nod-ded Mrs. Floore. "It's a lesson to me to read the Court page, which I don't mind telling you I'm not in the habit of doing. Well, I'm sure I beg your par-don, my dear—not but what if I had known of it I'd still have asked you for your opinion

if I had known of it I'd still have asked you for your opinion of the gentleman, though I wouldn't have done so but in private. Certainly not with Ned Goring sitting in the room, as I hope you'll believe!"

"I don't see that my being in the room makes any difference at all," said Mr. Goring unexpectedly. "I'll go away, if you like, but, whether I go or whether I stay, don't ask her ladyship any more questions, ma'am!"

"Thank you!" Serena said, smiling at him. "But it is very natural that Mrs. Floore should wish to know why I cried off from the engagement. It was for no reason, ma'am, that pre-cludes him from making some other female a perfectly re-spectable husband. The truth is that we found we did not suit. Our dispositions were too suit. Our dispositions were too alike. Each of us, in fact, is autocratic, and neither of us has the sweetest of tempers. But a gentler woman than I am would not provoke Rotherham as I did, and might, I daresay, be very content to be his wife."

Yes, and I daresay this carres, and I daresay this car-pet is content to be trodden on!" retorted Mrs. Floore. "A man should be master in his own house: I've got nothing to say against that, as long as he don't interfere in what's no business of his! But if I find this Marquis don't know the difference between master and tyrant, not one penny will I settle on Emma, and we'll see what he and Sukev have to say to that!"

what he and sukev have to say to that!"

"I'm afraid, ma'am, that Emily's fortune is a matter of indifference to him."

"Oh, it is, is it? Well, if Emily's been pushed into this against her will, I'll go up to London, and tell his lordship who I am, and what I mean to do, which is to hire a house in the best part of the town, and set up as his grandma! And we'll see if that's a matter of indifference to him!" declared the old lady triumphantly. the old lady triumphantly.

A letter from Lady Theresa followed hard upon the announcement in the Gazette. It was unfranked, so that Serena was obliged to pay for the privilege of reading two crossed pages of lament and recrimination. Not even his sister could have felt Rotherham's engagement more keenly. Lady letter from Lady Theresa

tion. Not even his sister could have felt Rotherham's engagement more keenly. Lady Theresa took it as a personal insult, and laid the blame at her niece's door.

As for Lady Laleham, no words could describe the shameless vulgarity of her conduct. From the moment of her having brought her chit of a daughter to town, she had lost no opportunity to throw her in Rotherham's way — but who would have supposed that a man of his age would succumb to mere prettiness and an ingenuous tongue? Lady Theresa prophesied disaster for all concerned, and hoped that when Serena was dying an old maid she would remember these words, and be sorry. Meanwhile she remained her affectionate aunt.

Two days later Mrs. Floore was the recipient of a letter from London. She met Serena from London.

was the recipient of a letter from London. She met Serena in the Pump Room, her face wreathed in smiles, and pressed upon her a letter from Emily,

begging her to read it.
"Bless her heart, I've never "Bless her heart, I've never had such a letter from her before, never!" she declared. "So
excited as she is — why, she's
in downright gransport! But
you'll see for yourself!"

Serena took the letter with
some reluctance, but the old

lady was obviously so anxious that she should read it that she made no demur.

she made no demur.

It was neither well written nor well expressed, but it owed nothing to any manual: the voice of Emily spoke in every incoherent but ecstatic sentence. Serena thought it the effusion of a child; and could almost have supposed that she was reading a description of a promised treat rather than a girl's acount of her betrothal. Although Rotherham's name Although Rotherham's name occurred over and over again, it was always in connection with his rank, his riches, the fine houses he owned, the splendid horses he drove, and the envy the conquest of him had aroused in other ladies'

He had driven with her in the Park, in his curricle, which had made everyone stare, behad made everyone stare, be-cause he was said never to drive females. When he took them to the opera it was like going out with a Prince, because he had his own box in the best place imaginable, and everyone knew him, and there was never any delay in getting into his car-riage, because as soon as the lackeys saw him coming they ran out to call to the coach-man, and so they had not to wait in the vestibule, or to say who they were.

wait in the vestibule, or to say who they were.

Rotherham House, too! When Grandma saw it, she would be astonished, and wonder to think of her little Emily the mistress of such an establishment, giv-ing parties in it, and standing at the head of the staircase at the head of the staircase with a tiara on her head. There were hundreds of servants, some of them so genteel you would take them for visitors, and all the footmen in black satin kneebreeches. Then there was Delford Park, which she had not yet seen, but she believed it to be grander even than Mitself welley, and how she would so verley, and how she would go on in such a place she couldn't think.

So it went on, conveying to So it went on, conveying to Serena the picture of an un-sophisticated child, dazzled by riches, breathless at finding herself suddenly the heroine of nerself suddenly the heroine of a fantastic dream, intoxicated by her own staggering success. There was not a word to indi-cate that she had formed an attachment; she was concerned not with Ivo Barrasford, but with the Marquis of Rother-ham.

Serena hardly dared look up from these pages, so clearly did they convey to her the knowledge that affection had played no part in one side at least of this contract. It seemed impossible that Mrs. Floore could detect anything in the letter but he excitement of a flattered child; and it was a hard case to know what to say of so disquieting a communication.

"Well?" Mrs. Floore said. "What do you think of that, my dear?"

Serena gave her back the folded sheets. "She is a little carried away, ma'am, which is not to be marvelled at. Perhaps."

"Av. that she is!" cheekled.

"Ay, that she is!" chuckled Mrs. Floore. "So excited and happy as she is! Lord, he's regu-larly swept her off her feet. larly swept her off her feet, hasn't he? Lord Rotherham this, and Lord Rotherham that till you'd think there wasn't another soul in London! Which you can see there isn't, not in her eyes! Well, I don't know her eyes! Well, I don't know when I've been in higher croak myself, and the relief it is to me, my dear, you wouldn't credit!" She dived into her reticule for her handkerchief, and unashamedly wiped her

"You see what she writes, my You see what sae writes, my lady, about me visiting her in her grand house! Bless her sweet heart! I shan't do it, but only to know she wants me to makes up for everything!"

Serena said all that was suit-able, and left the old lady in a blissful dream of vicarious

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grandeur. She did not mention the letter to Fanny, and tried to put it out of her own mind. It recurred too often for her It recurred too often for her comfort; again and again she found herself dwelling upon all its implications, foreseeing nothing but disillusionment in store for such an ill-assorted couple, and wondering, in astonished disgust, how Rotherham could have been fool enough not to perceive the feather-brain behind a charming face.

It was a week before she received an answer to her letter

It was a week before she received an answer to her letter
to him. The London mail
reached Bath every morning bemeen the hours of ten and
reached, and the letter was
brought up from the receiving
office half an hour after she
had set forth on a picnic expedition under the nominal
chaperonage of a young matroo
of her acquaintance. Fanny of her acquaintance. Fanny could not think it proper to make one of a party of merry-makers. She would not go herself, and tried timidly to dissuade Serena. But Serena seemed to be fast recovering the tone of her mind, and was bent on amusement.

She might almost have been aid to have been in outrageous spirits, gay to dissipation. Fanny lived in dread of her middenly deciding to go to balls her acquaintance.

unddenly deciding to go to balls again, and impressed upon Major Kirkby the necessity of his preventing so imprudent a

He made a hopeless gesture: What can I do?" "She must mind what you

He shook his head.
"Oh, yes, yes!" Fanny cried.
"If you were to forbid her—"
"Forbid her! I?" he exclaimed. "She would most hotly resent it! Indeed, Lady Spenborough, I dare not!"

She could not resent it from

He flushed, and stammered: I have no right—When we are married—Not that I could ever seek to interfere with her pleasure! And surely," he added, in an imploring tone, it cannot be wrong, if the does

She saw that he shrank from arousing Serena's temper, and was too deeply sympathetic to

Continuing

press him further. She could only pray that Serena would stop short of public balls, and beg her to behave with discretion while under Mrs. Osborne's casual chaperonage. Serena, setting upon her copper curls the most fetching of flat-crowned villager-hats of white satin-straw with a cluster of white roses, cast her a wicked look out of the corners of her eyes, and said merely: "Yes, eyes, and said meekly: Mama!"

eyes, and said meekly: "Yes, Mama!"

So Serena, squired by her Major, sallied forth; and Fanny, presently glancing through the day's mail and seeing one letter with Rotherham's name on the cover, was obliged to contain her soul in patience until such time as Serena should return to Laura Place. This was not until dinner-time, and then, instead of immediately reading the letter, she put it aside, saying: "Panny, have I kept you waiting? I do beg your pardon! Order them to serve dinner immediately: I'll be with you in five minutes!"

"Oh, no! Do read your letters first! I could not but notice that one has Rotherham's frank upon the cover, and you must be anxious to know how he receives the news of your engagement?"

ceives the news of your en-gagement!"
"I am more anxious that you should not be kept waiting another moment for your dinner! I don't think it's of

dinner! I don't think it's of the least consequence whether Rotherham likes it or not: he cannot reasonably refuse his consent to it. I'll read what he has to say after we've dined." Fanny could almost have boxed her cars. But when Serena at last broke the wafer, and spread open the single sheet, the Marquis' mes-sage proved to be a disappoint-ment. Fanny watched Serena read it, herself quite breathless with anxiety, and could not with anxiety, and could forbear saying eagerly: "V What does he say? He does not forbid it?"
"My dear, how should he?

"My dear, now mount it, He makes no comment upon it, merely that he will be at Clay-cross next week, and will visit Bath on Thursday, for one

Bath Tangle

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night, to discuss with me the winding up of the Trust. We will invite him to dine here, and Hector too."
"But is that all he has to say?" demanded Fanny in-

say?" demanded Fanny in-credulously.
"You don't know his style of letter-writing! This is a typical example of it. Oh, he thanks me for my felicitations, of course, and says that it will be proper for him to make the acquaintance of Major Kirkby before giving his formal con-sent to my marriage."
"Then at least he doesn't

"Then at least he doesn't mean to be disnereeable about

the occasion by arraying herself in a gown which had been made for her by Bath's leading mod-iste, and never before worn. It was a striking creation, of black figured lace over a robe black figured lace over a robe of white satin, the bodice cut low, and the train long. With it she wore her diamond earrings, and the triple necklace of pearls her father had given her at her coming-of-age. She looked magnificent, but the comment she evoked from the Marquis was scarcely flattering.

"What's this?" he asked, as he briefly shook her hand. "Set-ting up as a magpie?" "Just so! I collect it doesn't



it!" said Fanny, considerably

lieved. But when, on the following hursday, Rotherham was But when, on the following Thursday, Rotherham was shered into the drawing-room, this comfortable conviction left her. He looked to be in anything but a complaisant mood. The sardonic lines about his mouth were marked, and a frown drew his black brows into a bar across his face. He was dressed with propriety, in an evening coat and knee-breeches, but, as usual, there was a hint but, as usual, there was a hint of carelessness about his ap-pearance, as though the pattern of his waistcoat or the set of on his waistcoat or the set of his neckcloth was a matter of indifference to him. He greeted her unsmilingly, and turned to meet Serena. She had chosen to dignify

find favor with you?" she re-torted, a spark in her eye. He shrugged. "I know noth-

He shrugged, "I know nothing of such matters."
"No one, my dear Rotherham, having once chapped eyes on you, could doubt that!"
With nervous haste, Fanny interrupted this promising start to one of the interchanges she dreaded. "Lord Rotherham, I must introduce Major Kirkly to you!"

He turned to confront the Major, whom he had not pre-viously seemed to notice. His hard eyes surveyed him unrecognisingly. He put out his hand, saying curtly: "How do you do?"

you do?"
Never, thought Fanny, could two men have formed a stronger contrast to each other! They

might have served as models for Apollo and Vulcan, the one so tall and graceful, classically featured, and golden-haired, the featured, and golden-haired, the other swarthy and harsh-faced, with massive shoulders, his whole person suggesting power rather than grace. In look, in deportment, in manners there could be no comparison: the Major far outshone the Mar-

We have met before, sir."

"We have met before, sir,"
the Major said.
"Have we?" said Rotherham,
the bar of his brown lifting
slightly. "Twe no recollection of
it. When, and where?"
"Upon more than one occasion!" replied the Major, steadily meeting that hard stare.
"In London seven ween."

ily meeting that have "In London — seven years

"In London
ago!"
"Indeed? If it is seven years
since we met, I must hold that
to be a sufficient excuse for
having forgotten the circumstance. Did you form one of
Serena's court?"
"Yes. I did," said the Major.
"Ah, no wonder, then! I

"Ah, no wonder, then! I ver disintegrated the mass to its component parts." This time it was Serena who

intervened.

"I informed you, Rother-ham, that the attachment be-tween us was of long-standing

"Certainly you did, but you can hardly have expected me to have known that it was of such long-standing date as that! I had, on the contrary, every reason to suppose otherwise." Serena flushed vividly; the Major held his lips firmly com-

Major held his lips firmly com-pressed over hard-clenched teeth; Fanny flung herself once more into the breach. "I have not felicitated you yet, Lord Rotherham, upon your engage-ment. I hope you left Miss Laleham well?"
"Well, and in great beauty," he replied. "You remind me that she desired me to convey all sorts of messages to you

all sorts of messages to you both. Also that I stand in your debt."

"In my debt?" she re-peated doubtfully.
"So I must think. I owe my first introduction to Miss Lale-ham to you, and consider my-self much obliged to you."
She could not bring herself

to say more than: "I wish you

both very happy."
"Thank you! You are a not-able matchmaker, Lady Spen-borough: accept my compli-

She had never been more thankful to hear dinner an-

While the servants were in the room, only indifferent sub-jects were discussed. It was second nature to Serena to promote conversation, and to set a party going on the right lines. No matter how vexed she might be, she could not fail in her duties as a hostess. Fanny, ner duties as a nostess. Fanny, seated opposite to her, nervous and oppressed, wondered and admired, and did her best to appear at ease. She had never yet been so in Rotherham's

yet been so in Rotherham's presence, however. At his most mellow, he made her feel stupid: when he sparred with Serens for an opening, she felt quite sick with apprehension.

The Major saw it, and, chancing to meet her eye, smiled reassuringly at her, and took the explicit representation. took the earliest opportunity that offered of sliding out of a discussion of the restored King of Spain's despotic conduct, and turned to ask her quietly if she had succeeded in her search for a highly despote to the conduct of the and turned to ask her quietly and if she had succeeded in her search for a birthday present likely to appeal to the taste of her youngest aister. She responded gratefully, feeling herself protected; and Serena, accing her happily engaged in abusing the Bath shops, and describing her hunt for a certain type of work-box, was content to let drop the subject of Spain, which she had chosen because it was one on which the Major could speak with authority. Rotherbam sat for a moment listening to Fanny but surveying the Major from under his frowning brows; then he turned his head towards Serena.

"I imagine Lady Theresa will have told you of Buckingham's duel with Sir Thomas Hardy? An odd business! The cause is said to be some offensive let-ters written to and about Lady Hardy. Anonymous, of course, Hardy Anonymous, of course, but Hardy held Buckingham to

the author."
"Persuaded by her ladyship!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

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Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

Of that I am in no doubt! I don't credit a word of it! Does

Only the inveterate scandalmongers. The character of a gentleman protects Bucking-ham, or should."

ham, or should."
"I think so indeed! But tell
me, Ivo! How does the antiquated courtship progress? My
aunt wrote of having seen their Senilities flirting away at some party or other!"

He replied, with a caustic He replied, with a caustic comment which made her burst out laughing; and in another moment they were in the thick of the sort of conversation Fanny had hoped might be averted. Rotherham seemed to have recovered from his ill-humor: he was regaling Serena with a salted anecdote. Names and nicknames were tossed to and fro; it was Rotherham now who had taken charge of the conversation. Fanny thought, and once again she was laboring to keep pace with it.

There was something about the Duke of Devonshire dining at Carlton House, and sitting between the Chancellor and Lord Caithness: what was there in that to make Serena exclaim? Ponsonby too idle, Tierney too ill, Lord George Cavendish too insolent for leadership: what leadership?

"I thought they had made

"I thought they had made way this session!" Serena

"The reverse! Brougham rew the cat among the "The reverse! Brougham threw the cat among the pigeons, of course. Bye the bye, Croker came out admirably over the attack on the Navy Estimates: he was offered a Privy Councillor's office as a result, but declined it."

"Are you interested in politics, Major Kirkby?" said Fanny despairingly.

"Not in the least!" he replied, in cheerful accents.

"For shame, Hector!" Serena rallied him.

He smiled at her, but shook his head. "You will have to instruct me!"

"You have been interested in more important matters.

"You have been interested in more important matters. Major," said Rotherham, lean-ing back in his chair, the fingers of one hand crooked round the stem of his wine-

glass.
"I don't know that. Certainly
not come in my

"I don't know that. Certainly politics have not come in my way yet."
"You must bring him in, Serena. The Party needs new blood."

blood."
"Not I!" she returned lightly.
"How odious it would be of
me to try to push him into what
he does not care for!"
"You will do it, neverthe-

"You will do it, nevertheless."

"Do you care to wager on that chance?"

"It would be robbing you. You will never be able to keep your talents buried." He raised his glass to his lips, and over it looked at the Major. "Serena was made to be a political hostess, you know. Can you subdue her? I doubt it."

"She knows I would never try to do so."

Rotherham laughed. "I hope you are not serious! The picture you conjure up is quite horri-

you conjure up is quite horri-fying, believe me!"

"And I hope that Hector knows that you are talking nonsense!" Serena said, stretch-

knows that you are talking nonsenset." Serena said, stretching out her hand to the Major, and bestowing her most brilliant smile upon him.

He took the hand, and kissed it. "Of course I do! And you know that whatever you wish me to do I shall like to do!" he said laughingly.

Rotherham sipped his wine, watching this by-play with unexpected approval in his face. The second course had come to an end, and, in obedience to a sign from Serena, the servants had left the room, Fanny picked up her fan, but before she could rise, Serena said: "Have I your consent and approval, Ivo?"

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"Certainly—unless I discover that the Major has a wife in Spain, or some other trifling impediment. When do you propose to be married?"

"It cannot be until I am out mourning. I don't feel it would be proper even to an-nounce the engagement at this present."

"Most improper. It will be as well, however, since the con-trol of your fortune will pass from my hands to his, if I have some talk with him on this subject."

"Yes, pray do!" she said cordially. "And I wish you will tell me what I may count on, Ivo! I never made the least inquiry, you know, because to know the precise sum I might have enjoyed, but for that abominable Trust, would have made my situation the more insupportable."

"About ten thousand a year," he replied indifferently.

"Ten thousand a year?" repeated the Major, in an appalled voice.

Rotherham glanced at him

Rotherham glaneed at him across the table. "You may call it that. It is not possible to be quite exact. It is derived from several sources, which I shall

quite exact. It is derived from several sources, which I shall presently explain to you."
"But—how can this be? I knew, of course, that some disparity between our fortunes there must be, but this—!"
"I own, I had not thought

she said.
"Just so," he agreed. "Now you will be obliged to buy

which I can well afford to

"Certainly you can, but you will have to take care, you know! It won't do to be paying nine hundred guineas for some showy looking bay you are glad to part with on any terms at the end of your first day out on him."

the end of your first day out on him."
Wrath flamed in her eyes and her cheeks. "Were you never taken in over a horse?" ahe demanded.
"Yes," he said reflectively.
"But I can't recall that I ever paid a fancy price for an animal which..."
"Be out!" she shot at him..."

mal which—"
"Be quiet!" she shot at him.
"All those years ago—when I was still green—! Only you would cast it up at me still, Rotherham! Do I make mistakes now? Do I?"
"Oh, not as bad as that one!" he said. "I'm prepared to

bet a large sum on your having paid too much for that mare I saw at Milverley, but—"

He threw her a glance of mockery. "You must forgive me, Serena! I wish you will tell me how you contrived, on the seven hundred pounds a year which I, in my ignorance, thought you spent on your attice, to maintain that expensive stable of yours."

refrain from applauding so wise a suggestion."
"You are mistaken," the Major said. "There was no thought in my head of keeping Serena out of debt! I should wish it—or the better part of it, at all events!—to be tied up in such a way that neither she nor I can benefit by it!"
"But, my dearest Hector!" cried Serena. "You must be mad!"
"I am not mad. You haven't "You know very well that Papa bought all my horses!" she said. "I am not mad. You haven't

considered, my darling! Do you realise that your fortune is almost ten times the size of

refrain from applauding so wise

mine?"
"Is it?" she said. "Does that signify? Are you afraid that people will say you married me for my money? Why should you care for that, when you know it to be untrue?"
"Not only that! Screna, cannot you see how intolerable my position must be?"
"No, how should it be so?

not you see how intolerable my position must be?"

"No, how should it be so? If I used it to alter your way of life, of course it would be quite horrid for you, but I promise you I shall not! It will be in your hands, not in mine, so if I should run mad suddenly, and wish to purchase a palace, or some thing, it will be out of my power to do so."

He gave a laugh that had something of a groan in it. "Oh, my dear, you don't see! But Lord Rotherham must!"

"Oh, yes! Shall I refuse my consent to your marriage?"

"I wish you would!"

"Well, so do not I!" said Serena. "Hector, I do see, but indeed you are too quixotic! I

Serena. "Hector, I do see, but indeed you are too quixotic! I dareasy we shan't spend it—not all of it, I mean — but why should I give it up? Besides, who is to have it if we don't? Rotherham? My cousin? You can't expect me to do anything so crackbrained as to abandon what is my own to them or to anyone!"

anyone!"
"That was not in my head.
Of course I would not ask you to give your fortune away! I don't even ask you to tie up the whole. But when it comes the settlements, could we t create a new Trust, Ser-

ena?"

She was puzzled, "I see no sense in that. What sort of a

sense in that. What sort of a Trust had you in mind?"
"Not—not an unusual one!" he stammered, thrown off his balance by her entire lack of comprehension. He saw that Fanny was looking at him in innocent inquiry, and said hastily: "This is not the place—or the occasion! I believe that when I have talked the matter over with Lord Rotherham he will agree as to the promiety of

over with Lord Rotherham he will agree as to the propriety of what I have to suggest."

"But it has nothing whatsoever to do with Rotherham!" she said indignantly. "What are you suggesting?"

"Don't be so bird-witted, Serenal" said Rotherham impatiently. "What I understand Major Kirkby to mean, is that your fortune should be tied up in your children."

"In my children!" she ex-

"In my children!" she ex-claimed. "Is that what you in-deed meant, Hector? Good gracious, why could you not say so?"

"Because this is neither the place nor the occasion," said Rotherham. "He told you so."

"Well, if it is not, you did not seem to think so!"
"No, but that was because I lack delicacy."
She laughed. "Or would waste none upon me? You know, Hector, I think I would rather not tie up all my fortune in my children."
"Not all! I'm not so unreasonable as that! But if you kept for yourself a tenth—Serena, could you not be content with that with what you have now, and what I can give you?" the Major said pleadingly.

She said without hesitation: "With that, or far less, if I was obliged to, my love! But—I am not obliged to, and I do think that it would be quite

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it would be as much," said Serena, mildly surprised.
"But there must have been an entail!" the Major exclaimed, as though snatching at a straw of hope. "Such an income as that represents—" He broke off, in the throes of calculation.

lation.
"Something in the region of two hundred thousand," sup-plied Rotherham helpfully. "All that belongs to the Carlow family naturally goes with the title. This fortune was inherited by the late Earl from his mother, and belonged abso-lutely to himself."

"Yes, I knew that," said Serena. "Papa always told me I should inherit my grand-mother's property, but I sup-posed it to be a comfortable independence merely. I call this

a very respectable fortune, don't you, Fanny?"
"I should not know what to do with the half of it!" Fanny

Rotherham smiled. "Serena will know. The strongest likeli-hood is that she will run into

"I should wish it to be tied

up!"
These words, vehemently uttered, made Serena look at the Major in great surprise.
"Why, what can you mean, love? You can't suppose I shall do anything so absurd as to run into debt! I assure you I am not so improvident! Rotherham, I have not the remotest guess why you should laugh in that detestable way! I was never in debt in my life!"

She was on her feet. "If you dare—if you dare tell me again she's too short in the back—!"
"Serena, for heaven's sake!"
"Serena, for heaven's sake!"
"distressing Lady Spenborough!
What the deuce does it matter if Lord Ropherban, chooses te

What the deuce does it matter if Lord Rotherham chooses to criticise the mare?"

She paid not the slightest heed, but drove home her challenge. "Well, my lord, well?"

"Don't try to browbeat me, my girl!" he replied. "I tell you again, too short in the back!" He looked at her, his eyes glinting. "And you know it!"

She bit her lip. Her eyes strove with his for a moment or two, but suddenly she burst into laughter, and sat down

"Of all the odious creatures —! Perhaps she is a triffe short in the back—but only a triffe! You need not have been so un-handsome as to provoke me into exposing myself to my be-trothed!"

The glint was still in his eyes, but he said: "The temptation was irresistible to see whether you would take the fly. Console yourself with the reflection that you never look more magnificent than when in a rage!"

"Thank you! I don't admire myself in that state! What were we saying, before we fell into this foolish dispute?"

"Major Kirkby had expressed desire that your fortune desire that your fortune to provoke you again, I will

wherever you shop

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHEKLY - April 20, 1955

quality, their prettiness so perfectly they pass down to younger sisters with ease. Wash wonderfully, too! Ask

to see them next time you're shopping.

Ask for B()

ridiculous of us to choose to live on a smaller income than we need! Suppose I did get into debt, or that we had a sudden need for a large sum of money? My dear, it would drive us both into a frenzy to think we had been so foolish as to put it out of our power to draw upon my fortune!"

fortune!"
Rotherham gave a crack of laughter. "Admirable common sense, Screna! I trust for both your sakes you will succeed in bringing Major Kirkby round to your way of thinking. You have, after all, several months in which to argue the matter."
"Oh yes, let us not talk of it

in which to argue the matter."
"Oh, yes, let us not talk of it any more tonight!" Fanny begged, getting up from her chair. "It is so very difficult for you both!"

The Major moved to the door, and opened it. Fanny paused beside him, looking up

into his face, and saying with a wistful smile: "You will find an answer to the problem—I am quite certain that you will!"

am answer to the problem—am quite certain that you will!"

His grave face relaxed; he returned the smile, but with an effort. She and Serena went out of the room, and he shut the door behind them, and turned to confront Rotherham.

Rotherham sat down again, and refilled both his own and the Major's glass. The Major returned to his chair, but stood behind it, his hands gripping its back. He said jerkily: "She must be persuaded to do that!"

"I don't know what your powers of persuasion are," replied Rotherham, "but I should doubt whether you will succeed."

If she knew that you were in agreement with me

in agreement with me—"
"Nothing would more surely
set up her back. Moreover, I
am not in agreement with you.
I fail to see why Serena should
be deprived of what she has
every right to enjoy." He
picked up his wineglass, and
lounged back in his chair, one
leg stretched out before him,
and his hand thrust into the
pocket of his breeches. He surpocket of his breeches. He surveyed the Major somewhat satirically.

Serena, my dear sir, is the daughter of an extremely wealthy man, and has lived her whole life, until Spenborough's daughter

Continuing Bath Tangle

death, in the first style of afflu-ence. I know of no reason why she should be obliged to spend the rest of it in reduced cir-cumstances. I should doubt very much her ability to do so. However, it is no concern of mine. By all means persuade her if you think you can do it. mine. By all means persuade her, if you think you can do it, and believe yourself able to sup-port her when you have done it!"

There was a long silence. The Major sat down rather heavily, and for some time remained staring blindly at his wineglass, which he kept on twisting round and round, a finger and thumb gripping its stem. At last he drew a long breath, and looked up with an air of resolution. air of resolution

air of resolution.

"Lord Rotherham, when I asked Serena to marry me, it was in the belief that although her fortune might be larger than my own, it was not so immense as to render my proposal an effrontery! I am astonished that you should behave with such—I must call it forbearance! I am well aware in what a light I must appear to anyone not familiar with the circumstances! In justice to myself, I wish to tell you that I have loved her—the memory of her—ever since I first saw her! She, too, formed an attachment. She would have married me then, but my suit was considered to be incligible—which, indeed, it was! I was a mere lad, a younger son! We were parted. I never hoped to see her again, but forget her I could not! She was to me—an unatainable dream, a beautiful goddess beyond my reach!"

He stopped, flushing, and said with some difficulty: "But "Lord Rotherham when I

He stopped, flushing, and said with some difficulty: "But I need not try to explain that to you, I fancy: I am aware— Serena has told me—"

"If Serena has told you that I ever thought her a goddess, she's either an unconscionable liar, or she's hoaxing you!" interrupted Rotherham tartly. "She did not—I only thought

"Then think it no longer! I collect that when you succeeded

from page 45

to the property you now pos-sess, you decided she was no longer above your touch?" The Major shook his head.

The Major shook his head.
"It never entered my head. I didn't suppose even that she could remember me. But we met—here in Bath—neither of us dreaming of such a thing." He raised his eyes fleetingly to that harsh face, and said, coloring as he spoke: "It was as though the years rolled back—for both of us!"

"I see." Rotherham smiled slightly. "Your dream, in fact, had come true."

"It sounds foolish, I daresay. I had not meant to tell you all this! But what has happened tonight—"

ROTHERHAM interrupted smoothly, "Not at all. You are singularly fortunate, Major Kirkby. In my experience, the embodiment of such a dream is frequently a severe disappointment. So Serena is just what you had imagined her to belyou must have been far better acquainted with her than I had supposed possible!"

acquainted with her than I had supposed possible!"
"How could I—how could I be disappointed in her?" demanded the Major, with unnecessary violence.
"Evidently you are not."
"No! Unthinkable!"

"Then we need not think of it. I am obliged to you for honoring me with your confi-dence, but it was unnecessary. I deance, but it was unnecessary. I had not imagined that you wished to marry Serena for the sake of her fortune: she's not such a fool as to be taken in by a fortune-hunter! Nor is she answerable to me for her actions."

"Was it not—to guard her from just such a fortune-hunter as I must appear that her

from just such a fortune-hunter as I must appear that her father appointed you to be her Trustee?"
Rotherham's mouth twisted rather wryly, "No. It was not. No doubt he hoped, at he least, that I should prevent her mar-riage to some obviously unde-

sirable person. Mere disparity of fortune would not, I fancy, constitute undesirability in the eyes of the Law. She would marry whom she chose, even though I swore she shouldn't touch a penny more than the pin-money she now enjoys." He gave a short laugh.

"And fight me afterwards to the Courts of Appeal!" he added. He got up. "There is really no more to say. Shall we go?"

"Yes. That is — I must think! Before I knew the size

"Yes. That is — I must think! Before I knew the size of this appalling fortune, I had qualms that I had no business

qualms that I had no business to— Had it not been for Lady Spenborough, I believe I must have torn myself away!"

Rotherham had strolled towards the door, but he paused, and looked at the Major. "Did Lady Spenborough encourage you to declare yourself?"

"Yes. I was in miserable uncrtainty! I felt she was the most proper person to be consulted!"

"Good grief!"

"Good grief!"
"You are thinking of her youth! But I knew her to be devoted to Serena! Her kindness, her sympathy I can find no words to describe! To lose Serena must be such a blow to her, but I believe she never spares a thought for herself. I think I never knew one so young and so timid to have so much strength of character, so much understanding!"

much understanding!"

"An excellent woman," agreed Rotherham. "Serena's marriage will no doubt be a sad loss to her. She is really quite unfitted to live alone."

"Exactly so! One cannot but feel that she needs to be protected from—But I fear she will have her sister thrust upon her, and from all I can discover a more disagreeable, censorious girl never existed!"

"Indeed? A gloomy prospect, certainly. However, I

girl never existed!"
"Indeed? A gloomy prospect, certainly. However, I
daresay she will marry again."
"Marry!" The M a jor
sounded thunderstruck, but
said quickly, after a blank
moment: "Why, yes! Of course!
We must hope she may."
"I do hope it," said Rother-

ham cryptically, and opened the door.

The sound of music met The sound of music met them, as they mounted the stairs. They found Fanny seated by the open window, gazing out into the gathering dusk, and Serena at the piano in the back half of the drawing-room. She stopped playing when she saw that the gentlemen had come in, but the Major went to her, saying: "Ah, don't get up! You were playing the Haydn sonata I resommended to you!"

"Attempting to play it! It is

"Attempting to play it! It is not fit to be heard!" "Try it once more!" he coaxed her. "I'll turn for you." coaxed her. "I'll turn for you."
She allowed herself to be persuaded Rotherham walked over to the window, and sat down beside Fanny. For a few moments he watched the couple at the far end of the room, his face expressionless. Then he turned his head to look at Fanny. He said, his voice a little lowered: "I understand that this marriage has your approval, Lady Spenborough."
"Yes, L.—I feel you sure he

"Yes, I—I feel so sure he will make Serena happy!"

"Do you?"

"It couldn't be otherwise!" she said wistully. "He is so very kind, and—and has loved her so devotedly!"

"So I am informed."
"Indeed, it is quite true! He worships her; I think there is nothing he would not do to please her!"

"Excellent! Does he quarrel with her?" "No, no! His temper is of

"No, nol His temper is of the sweetest, and he is so patient. I cannot but feel that his tenderness and forbearance must put it out of her power to quarrel with him." She saw the sardonic smile curl his lips, and faitered: "You do not dislike him, Lord Rotherham?"

He shrugged. "I see nothing to dislike."

"I am so glad you have not withheld your consent." "It would have been use-

She looked anxiously at him, and nerved herself to say: "I am afraid you are not quite pleased. He is not her equal in rank or fortune, but in worth, I do assure you..."

He interrupted her, in his brusque way. "On the contrary! I am much better pleased than I expected to be. Had I known—" He broke off. She saw that the smile had quite vanished, and that his brows were lowering again. He sai in a brown study for several minutes. It seemed to her that his face hardened as she watched him. As though he felt her eyes upon him, he came out of his reverie, and turned his head to meet her inquiring look. He interrupted her,

look.

"Such persons as you and Major Kirkby are to be envied!" he said abruptly. "You make mistakes, but you will not make the crass mistakes that spring from a temper never brought under control! I must go. Don't get up!"

Sharmakall, he alded

go. Don't get up!"

She was wholly bewildered, and could only say: "You will stay for tea!"

"Thank you, no! It is not yet dark, and there will be a full moon presently: I mean to start for London tonight." He shook hands with her, and strode away to take his leave of Serena and the Major.

"Going so soon!" Serena exclaimed, rising quickly from the piano-stool. "Have I driven you away by my lamentable performance?"

"I wasn't listening to it. I

"I wasn't listening to it. I am sleeping at Marlborough or Newbury, tonight, and must ot.

She smiled, but retained his hand. "You have not wished me happy."

me happy."

There was a moment's silence, while each stared into the other's eyes.

"Have I not? I do wish you happy, Serena." His grasp on her hand tightened rather painfully for an instant. He released it, and turned to shake hands with the Major. "I wish you happy, too. I fancy you will be."

A brief good-bye, and he was gone. Serena shut the

was gone. Serena shut the piano. The Major waited for a moment, watching her, as she gathered her music to-gether. "No more?" he asked gently. She looked as though she did

To page 48



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Continuing

not realise what she had been doing. Then she put the music into a cabinet, and replied: "Not tonight! I must practise it before I play it to you again." She turned and laid her hand on his arm, walking with him into the front half of the room.

with him income the room.

"Well, that went off pretty tolerably, didn't it?" she said.

"I wish I had not flown into a rage, but he made me do so. Did you hate him?"

"I didn't love him," he con-fessed. "But I thought he reased but I thought he treated my pretensions with a degree of kindness I had no right to expect."

"Your pretensional I wish you will not talk in that absurd way!" she said impatiently. He was silent, and she pressed his arm, saying, in a lighter tone: "Do you know I am close on twenty-six years of age? I am very much obliged to you for offering for me! I had quite given up hope of achieving a respectable alliance."

He smiled, but said: "It

He smiled, but said: "It won't do, Serena, You must not try to turn it off! This matter must be seriously discussed between us."

"Not now! I don't know how it is, but I have the headache. Don't tease me, Hector!"
"My darling! I will rather beg you to go up to bed! You should not have let me keep you at the piano! Have you any fever?"

She pulled her hand away.
"No, no! It's nothing — the heat! Ah, here is the tea-tray at last!"

He looked at her in concern, He looked at her in concern, which was not lessened by Fanny's saying: "A headache? You, dearest? I never knew you to complain of such a thing before! Oh, I hope you may not have a touch of the sun! I wish you will go to bed! Lybster, desire her ladyship's woman to fetch some vinegar to her room directly, if you to her room directly, if you please!"

"No!" almost shricked Ser-ena. "For heaven's sake, let me alone! Of all things in the world I most abominate being "She clipped the word off short, and gave a gasp.

short, and gave a gasp.
"I beg your pardon!" she
said, forcing a smile. "You are
both of you very kind, but
pray believe I don't wish to
have my temples bathed with vinegar, or to have such a rout made over nothing! I shall be better when I have drunk some tea."

seemed as if the Major at seemed as if the Major was going to say something, but even as he opened his mouth to speak Fanny caught his eye, and very slightly shook her head.

"Will you take this cup to Serena, Major?" she said calmly

"Will you take this cup to Serena, Major?" she said calmly.

But he had first to hover over Serena, while she disposed herself in a wing-chair, to place a cushion behind her head, and a stool at her feet. Her hands gripped the arms of her chair till her knuckles gleamed, and her lips were tightly compressed. But when he set her cup down on a table tightly compressed. But when he set her cup down on a table beside her, she smiled again, and thanked him. Fanny began to talk to him, in her soft voice, distracting his attention from Serena. In a minute or two, Serena sat up, allowing the cushion to slide down behind her, and simped her ten. When cushion to slide down behind her, and sipped her tea. When she spoke, it was in her usual manner, but when she had finished the tea in her cup she went away to bed, saying, how-ever, that her headache was gone, and she was merely sleemy

The Major turned an anxious gaze upon Fanny.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictibious, and have no reference to any living person.

Bath Tangle

from page 46

"Do you think her really ill, Lady Spenborough?"

Do you mink het really in, Lady Spenborough?"

"Oh, I hope not!" she replied "I think, perhaps, Lord Rotherham vexed her. If she is not better in the morning, I will try to persuade her to let me send for the doctor. But it never answers to pay any heed if she is not quite well." She smiled at him consolingly. "She cannot bear anyone to be in a fuss about her, you see Indeed, I quite thought she would have flown out at you for trying to make her comfortable. Will you have some more tea?" more tea

"No, thank you. I must go.
I shall call tomorrow morning,
if I may, to see how she goes
on," he said.

on, he said.

But when he presented himself in Laura Place at ten o'clock next day, he found the ladies breakfasting. Serena in her riding-dress. She greeted him with mock abuse, demanding to be told why he had broken faith with her.

broken faith with her.

"Ten whole minutes did I wait for you to come trotting over the bridge, and that, let me tell you, is longer than I have waited for any man before! Well for you you did not appear by that time, for I should certainly have sworn at you! Fanny, I forbid you to give him that coffee! He has slighted me!"

THE Major was AHE Major was staring at his beloved in slight bewilderment. "I never dreamed you would ride this morning!" he exclaimed. "I came only to see how you did! Are you sure you are quite well? You didn't go alone?"
"No with Pubble."

go alone?"
"No, with Fobbing."
"It is too hot for riding: I
wish you will not!"
"On the contrary, it was delightful. I don't gallop Maid
Marian, of course."

Marian, of course."

"I was thinking of you, not the mare!"

"Oh, hush!" Fanny said, laughing. "You could not say anything she would think more

anything she would think more shocking!"
"No, indeed! And not one word of apology, note!"
"My repentance is too deep to be expressed! You won't go out again, will you? At least not in the heat of the day!"
"Yes, I've persuaded Fanny to forgo the drinking of her horrid waters, and to drive with me instead to Melkaham Forest. I hope you give her credit for heroism!"
"What, you don't mean to

I hope you give her credit for heroism!"

"What, you don't mean to drive her in your phaeton?"

"Most certainly I do!"

"Serena, not alone, I do implore you!"

"You and Fobbing will ride behind us, to protect us from highwaymen, and to set the phaeton on its wheel again when I have overturned it. I won't do so above twice!"

There was nothing but nonsense to be got out of her, then or thereafter. She was in the gayest of moods all day, and at her most affectionate, yet when he parted from her yet when he parted from her he felt that he had not once come within touching distance

of her.

He thought it wisest not to revert immediately to the vexed question of her inheritance, and when, after ten days, he ventured to raise the subject, she surprised him by listening without interruption to his carefully considered arguments, and by saying, when he had done: "Very well: let it be as you wish, my dear! After all, I don't greatly care. Not enough, at all events, to make you uncomfortable. When the time comes, arrange it as you time comes, arrange it as you think proper!"

She would have banished the matter there; he could not. No

sooner did she yield than he was torn by doubt. Rotherham's words cchoed in his mind: what right had he to insist on her relinquishing the means whereby she might live as she had always done? She listened with what patience she could muster, but exclaimed at last: "Oh. Hector, what are you at? You told me you cannot bear it if I use my fortune, and I submitted! Now you tell me you cannot bear to deprive me of it!"

"Do I seem absurd? I sup-

"Do I seem absurd? I sup-pose I must. I don't wish you to submit, now or ever! I couldn't do it on such terms as that. Only if you too desired it!"

"No, that is asking too much of me!" she cried. "I must have less than commonsense if

"Oh, my dear, if it seems foolish to you, how could ! let you make a sacrifice to my pride?"

pride?"

She looked at him strangely.
"Ask yourself how I could let you sacrifice your pride to my extravagant habits. I could tell you how easily I might do that! Don't—don't encourage me to rule you! I shall try to, you know. There! You are warned! Handsome of me, wasn't it? Don't let us speak of this again! Only tell me when you have decided what to do!"

do!"

They did not speak of it again. He thought of it continually; she seemed to have put it quite out of her mind. If her indifference was a mask, she never let it slip. She seemed to him to be in the best of health and spirits, so full of unflagging energy that it was he who sometimes felt tired, keeping pace with her. He told Fanny once, half in jest, half in earnest, that he never knew from one moment to the next where she would be, or what she might be doing.

"I think," Fanny said, "that

"I think," Fanny said, "that t time, ranny said, "that it is perhaps because she is very happy. She has always a great deal of energy, but I never saw her so restless before. She can't be still!"

Mrs. Floore noticed it, and Mrs. Floore noticed it, and drew her own conclusions. She bore down upon Fanny one day in the Pump Room, and, ruthlessly ousting young Mr. Ryde, her most fervent admirer, from her side, low-fred herself into the chair he had been obliged to offer her.

"Well, I don't doubt that's ne enemy I've made!" she marked cheerfully. "Beremarked tween you, my lady, you and Lady Serena have got the men in this town so lovelorn

Lady Serena have got the men in this town so lovelorn that it's a wonder the other young females ain't all gone off into declines!"

Fanny laughed, but shook her head. "It is Lady Serena they admire, not me, ma'am!"

"I don't deny anyone would take her for a jam-jar, the way all these silly bumble-bees keep buzzing round her," agreed Mrs. Floore, "but there's some that like you better, if you'll pardon my saying so! As for that young sprig that gave up his chair to me with the worst grace I ever did see, he makes a bigger cake of himself than ever the Major did, when he used to come day after day into this room, looking for her ladyship." ladyship.

"Mr. Ryde is only a boy, and dreadfully stupid!" Fanny said hastily.

said hastily.

"He's stupid enough, I grant you. Which the Major is not," said Mrs. Floore, cocking a shrewd eye at Fanny. "What I thought at first, my lady, was that that was just a Bath-flirtation. But, Lord bless as Lidds." Lord bless me, Lady Serens

To page 49

wouldn't be in such a fine flow of spirits if that's all it is! When is it to be, that's what I'd like to know!" Fanny, anything but appre-ciative of the wink so reguishly bestowed upon her, said as coidly as her tender heart would permit: "I am afraid I don't know what you mean, mis am." mean, ma'am.

"Keeping it a secret, are they?" Mrs. Floore shook with fat chuckles. "As though with fat chuckles. "As though it wasn't plain enough for a blind man to see! Well, if that's how it is, I won't ask any questions, my lady! I can't help watching them, and having my own notions, though!"

The very thought of being watched by Mrs. Floore was so objectionable to Fanny that she almost summoned up.

watched by Mrs. Floore was so objectionable to Fanny that she almost summoned up enough resolution to remonstrate with Serena on her impudence. But before she had quite succeeded in doing so something happened to give the old lady's thoughts another direction. Midway through July she once more had herself driven to Laura Place, announcing on arrival that such a piece of news as she had she couldn't keep to herself, not if she died of it. "Which I very likely would have done, through going off pop, like a gingerbeer bottle," the said. "Who do you think will be staying with me before I'm more than a day older?" Neither lady could hazard a cuess, though Serena hugely delighted Mrs. Floore by saying gromptly: "The Prince Regent!" "Better than him!" Mrs.

"Better than him!" Mrs. Floore declared, when she had recovered from the paroxysm into which this sally threw her.

"Emily!" Screna exclaimed,
Delightful, indeed! How
leased you must be! The Laleums are in Gloucestershire
again, then?"

Bath Tangle Continuing

"No, that's the best of it!" said Mrs. Floore. "Though heaven knows I shouldn't be saying so, for the other poor little things—three of them, that is—are full of the measles as never was! So Sukey stayed in London, with Emma, because there wasn't a house to be had in Brighton, which she had a fancy for. Only it seems the Marquis don't care for Brighton, so it was just as well, I daresay. Not that I'd ever want Emma to go and get ill smile of delight spreading over her large face. "Depend upon it, Sukey would have taken her to Jericho rather than come to me! But she's got the influenza now, so there's no help for it but for her to send Emma down with her maid tomorrow! She's coming post, of course, and see if I don't have her blooming again in a trice!" I daresay. Not that I'd ever want Emma to go and get ill with this nasty influenza that's going about in London, which is what she did do, poor little soul! Not four days after they came back from this place, Delford, which Sukey tells me is the Marquis' country home. Seat, she calls it, and I'm bound to say it don't sound like. Seat, she calls it, and I'm bound to say it don't sound like a home to me. Well, it's all according to taste, but you mark my words, my dear, when he gets to be as fat as I amwhich I'm sure I hope he won't—this Marquis will wish he hadn't got to walk a quarter of a mile from his bedroom to get to his dioner! I shouldn't wonder at it if that's how poor Emma came to get ill, for she's never been much of a one for long walks."

"Delford is very large, but

"Delford is very large, but Lady Lalcham exaggerates a little, ma'am." Serena said, faintly smiling.

faintly smiling.

"You can lay your life to that, my dear! Well, the long and the short of it is that she did take ill, and very sick she must have been, because Sukey writes that the doctor says she must go out of London on account of her being regularly knocked up, and her nerves quite upset besides!"

"I am as sorry!" Fanny said.

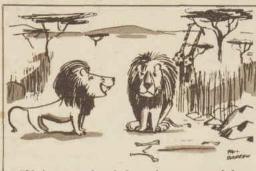
"I am so sorry!" Fanny said.
"So Lady Laleham is to bring her on a visit to you, ma'am?" "No!" Said Mrs. Floore, a

hunted look in Emily's wide

"And it is not far to seek!" she added significantly. "That wicked woman compelled her to accept Rotherham's offer, and she is terrified of him!"

"How can you be so ab-surd!" said Serena impatiently. 'Rotherham is not an ogre!"

But gentle Fanny for once refused to be overborne. "Yes, he is," she asserted. "I don't scruple to tell you, dearest, that he frightens me, and I am not



"It's been a good week. I scared two actors and three authors."

"I know you are never at ease with him, and a great piece of nonsense that is, Fanny! Pray, what cause has he given you to fear him?"

"Oh, none! It is just—You cannot understand, Serena, because you are not at all shy all the appearance of having lately risen from a sick bed. The delicate bloom had faded The delicate bloom had faded from her cheeks; she was thinner and jumped at sudden noises. Mrs. Floore ascribed her condition to the rigors of a London season, and told Serena that she could willingly box her daughter's ears for having allowed poor little Emma to become so fagged. Serena thought the explanation reasonable, but tanny declared that some other

You cannot understand, Serena, because you are not at all shy, and were never afraid of anything in your life, I suppose!"
"Certainly not of Rotherham!
You should consider that if there is anything in his manner that make you nervous he is not in love with you!"
Fanny shuddered. "Oh, that

would be more terrifying than anything!" she exclaimed. "You are being foolish be-yond permission. I daresay the

"You are being foolish beyond permission. I daresay the marriage was arranged by the Laleham woman, and that Emily is in love with Ivo I most strongly doubt; but, after all, such marriages are quite common, and often succeed to admiration. If he loves her, he will very soon teach her to return his sentiments."

"Serena, I cannot believe that he loves her! No two persons could be less suited!"

Serena shrugged her shoulders, saying in a hard voice: "Fanny, how many times has one seen a clever man wedded to a pretty simpleton, and wondered what could have made him choose her? Emily will not dispute with Rotherham, she will be docile; she will think him infallible—and that should suit him perfectly!"

"Him! Very likely, but what of her? If he frightens her now, what will it be when they are married?"

"Let me recommend you, anny not to nut wavered!"

"Let me recommend you, Fanny, not to put yourself into high fidgets over what is nothing but conjecture! You do not know that he has frightened Emily! If she is a little nervous, depend upon it he has been making love to her! He is a man of strong passions, and she is such an innocent baby that I should not marvel at it if she had been scared! She will very soon overcome such prudery, I assure you!"

She saw Fanny shake her jecad and fold her lips, and said sharply: "This will not do! If there was any truth in these freakish notions of yours she need not have accepted his offer!"

Fanny looked up quickly.

offer!"
Fanny looked up quickly.
"Ah, you cannot know—you
don't understand, Serena!"
"Oh, you mean that she dare
not disobey her mother! Well,
my love, however strictly Lady
Laleham may rule her, it is not

in her power to force her into a disagreeable marriage. And if she is in such dread of her, she must welcome any chance to escape from her tyranny."

Fanny gazed at her wonderingly, and then bent over her embroidery again.

"I don't think you would ever understand," she said mournfully. "You see, dearest, you grew up under such different circumstanoes! You never held my lord in awe. Indeed, I was used to think you were his companion rather than his daughter, and I am persuaded neither of you had the least notion of filial obedience! It quite astonished me to hear how he would consult you, and how quite astonished me to hear how he would consult you, and how boldly you maintained your own opinions—and went your own way! I should never have dared to have talked so to my parents, you know. Habits of strict obedience, I think, are not readily overcome. It seems impossible to you that Lady Laleham could force Emily into a distasteful marriage, but it a distasteful marriage, but it is not impossible. To some girls—to most girls, indeed—the thought of setting up one's own

thought of setting up one's own will does not even occur!"
"You encourage me to think that Emily will be the very wife for Rotherham!" Serena replied. "And if you imagine, my dear, that he will give her any reason to be afraid of him, you are doing him an injustice! Though his manners are not conciliatory, he is, I must remind you, a gentleman!"

No were was mid, nor did

a gentieman:

No more was said; nor did
Emily, walking with Serena in
the Sydney Gardens, appear to
regret her engagement. In the
intervals of exclaiming rapturously at the various amenities of
this miniature Vauxhall, she this miniature Vauxhall, she chattered about the parties she had been to in London, and seemed to be full of such items of information as that the Queen had smiled at her upon

To page 51



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her presentation, and that one of the Princesses had actually spoken to her.
"Did you enjoy yourself?" Serena asked.

Serena asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed! And we went several times to Vauxhall Gardens, and to the theatre, and a Review in Hyde Park, and Almack's—oh, I am sure we must have been to everything!" Emily declared.

"No wonder you became so worn out!"

"No, for I am not quite accustomed to so many parties.

"No, for I am not quite ac-customed to so many parties. When one is tired, one doesn't care for anything very much, and—and one gets into stupid humors—Mama says. And I had influenza. Have you ever had it, Lady Screna? It is the horridest thing, for it makes you excessively miserable, so that the least thing makes you that the least thing makes you cry. But Mama was very kind to me, and she let me come to stay with Grandmama, and, oh, it is so comfortable!"
"I hope you are making a long stay with her?"
At this, the frightened look returned. Emma stammered, 'Oh, I with—I don't know—Mama said."

When is the wedding date

to be?"
"I we—it is not decided!
Lord Rotherham spoke of September, but—but I would like not to be married until I am eighteen! I shall be eighteen in November, you know, and I shall know how to go on better, don't you think?"
"What, because you are eighteen?" Serena laughed. "Will it make such a difference to you?"

to you?"
"I don't know. It is only
that I seem not to know the
things I should to be a Marchioness, and I think I should
try to learn how to be a great
lady, and—and if I am not
married till November perhaps
I may do so."

married till Novemoer pernaps I may do so."
"I cannot suppose that Lord Rotherham desires you to be any way other than you are now, my dear Emily."

There was no reply to this. Glancing at her, Serena saw

that Emily was deeply flushed, her eyes downcast. She said, after a pause, "Do you expect to see Lord Rotherham in Bath?"

Bath?"

The eyes were quickly raised; the color receded. "In Bath! Oh, no! The doctor said I must not be excited! Mama said she would explain to him. Besides — he must not meet Grandmama!"
"Indead!" Sarana raid doch.

"Indeed!" Serena said dryly.
"May I ask if he is never to
meet Mrs. Floore?"
"No, no! I could not endure it!"

"I don't wish to seem to criticise your mama, Emily, but you are making a mistake. You must not despise your grand-

Emily burst into tears. For-tunately, one of the shady ar-bors with which the gardens were liberally provided was close at hand and unoccupied. Having no desire to walk through a public place in comthrough a public place in com-pany with a gustily sobbing gurl, Serena guided Emily into the arbor, commanding her, in stringent accents, to compose herself. It was a little time before she could do this, and when her tears ceased to flow they left her face so much blotched that Serena kept her sitting in the arbor until these traces of emotion had faded.

By way of diverting her mind, she asked her if she had en-joyed her visit to Delford. From the disjointed account Emily she asked her if the had enjoyed her visit to Delford. From
the disjointed account Emily
gave her of this, she gathered
that it had not been wholly delightful. Emily seemed to waver
between a glorious vision of
herself ruling over the vast pile,
and terror of its servants. She
was sure that the housekeeper
held her in contempt; she would
never dare to give an order to
the steward; and she had mistaken Lady Silchester's dresser
for a fellow guest, which had
made Manna cross. Yes, Lady
Silchester had been acting as
hostess for her brother. She
was very proud, wasn't she?
There had been a great many

There had been a great many people staying at Delford: dreadfully alarming people, who all looked at her, and all

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

from page 49

knew one another. There had been a huge dinner-party, too: over forty persons invited, and so many courses that she had lost count of them. Lord Roth-erham had said that when next such a dinner-party was held at Delford she would be the

This was said with so fright-This was said with so fright-ened a look up into Serena's face, the pansy-brown eyes dilating a little, that Serena was aatisfied that it was not her bridegroom but his circum-stances which had thrown Emily into such alarm. She wondered that Rotherham

shared this opinion. She was hugely gratified to know that his lordship was so proud of her little Emma, but thought him a zany not to have realised him a zany not to have realised how shy and retiring she was. Mrs. Floore was in a triumph-ant mood, having routed her daughter in one swift engage-ment. Unfortunately for Lady Laleham, who wished to remove Emily from her grandmother's charge as soon as she herself was restored to health, Sir Wal-ter had suffered sever received. was restored to health, Sir Was-ter had suffered severe reverses, and these, coupled with the ac-cumulated bills for her own and Emily's expensive gowns, had made it necessary for her to apply to her mother for relief. Mrs. Floore was perfectly



your husband never told you about ME— SAM—his OWN twin brother?"

should not have realised that to introduce this inexperienced child to Delford under such conditions must make her mis-erably aware of her shortcom-

erably aware of her shortcomings.

What could have induced him to have filled his house with exalted guests? He might have guessed that he was subjecting her to a severe ordeal; while as for summoning, apparently, half the county to a state dinnerparty, and then telling the poor girl that in future she would be expected to preside over just such gatherings, Serena could think of nothing so ill-judged. Plainly, he wanted to show off his chosen bride, but he should have known better than to have have known better than to have done it in such a way. She found that Mrs. Floore

ready to send her as much money as she wanted, but she made it a condition that Emily should be left in her charge until her own doctor pro-nounced her to be perfectly well again. Lady Laleham was obliged to accede to these terms, and Emily's spirits immediately improved. A suggestion, put forward by her ladyship, that she should join her daughter in Beaufort Square was so bluntly vetoce by Mrs. Floore that she

vetoed by Mrs. Floore that she did not repeat it.
"Which I knew she wouldn't," Mrs. Floore told Screna. "She's welcome to play off her airs in her own house, but I won't have her doing it in mine, and so she knows! Well, my dear, I don't deny Sukey's been a rare disappointment to me, to

put it no higher, but there's a bright side to everything, and at least I have the whip hand of her. Offend me she daren't, for fear I might stop paying her the allowance I do, let alone cut her out of my will. alone cut her out of my will. So now we must think how to put Emma in spirits again! I'll take her to the Dress Ball on Monday, at the New Assembly Rooms, and Ned Goring shall gallant us to it. There'll be nothing for Sukey to take exception to in that, nor his lordship neither, even if they was to know of it, which there's no reason they should, because there's no waltzing, you know, and not even a cotillion on the Monday night balls."

"But I thought Emily was

"But I thought Emily was to be very quiet!" said Serena, laughing. "Was she not knocked up by balls in London?"

augning. was she not knocked up by balls in London?"

"Ay, so she was, but it's one thing to be going to them night after night, and never in bed till two or three in the morning, and quite another to be going to one of the Assemblies here now and then! Why, they never go on beyond eleven o'clock at the New Rooms, my dear, and only till midnight at the Lower Rooms, on Tuesdays! What's more, it won't do the poor little soul any good to be hipped, and to sit moping here with only me for company! I'll take her to the next Gala night at the Sydney Gardens, too, which is a thing I've never done yet, because this is the first time she's visited me during the summer. I'll be bound she'll enjoy watching the fireworks, and so I shall myself."

Serena, looking at that fat.

Serena, looking at that fat, Serena, looking at that fat, jolly countenance, did not doubt it. Mrs. Floore was in a rollicking humor, determined to make the most of her be-loved granddaughter's visit.

loved granddaughter's visit.

"For it's not likely she'll ever stay with me again," she said with a sigh. "However, she shall do what the doctor tells her she should, never fear! And one thing he says is that she mustn't sit cooped up within doors this lovely weather, so if you would let her go walking with you sometimes, my lady, it would be a great kindness, and what she'd like a deal better

than driving in the landaulet with me, I daresay, for that's mighty dull work for a girl." "Certainly. I shall be glad of her company," Serens re-plied. "Perhaps she would like to ride with me."

to ride with me."

This suggestion found instant favor with Mrs. Floore, who at once made plans for the hire of a quiet hack. Emily herself was torn between gratification at being asked to ride with such a horsewoman as Lady Serena, and fear that she might be expected to leap all sorts of obstacles, or find herself mounted on a refractory horse. However, the animal provided for her proved to be of placid, not to say sluggish, disposition, and Serena, knowing her limitations, took her for just the sort of expeditions that would have suited Fanny.

Whenever opportunity

wited Fanny.

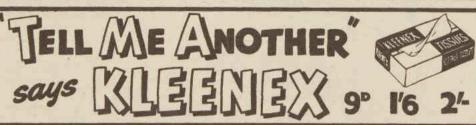
Whenever opportunity offered, she did her best to instruct Emily in the duties of the mistress of a noble household; but the questions shyly put to her by the girl, and the dismay which many of her answers provoked, did not augur very well for the fu'ure. She supposed that Rotherham, himself careless of appearances, disself careless of appearances, dissupposed that Aothernam, him-self careless of appearances, dis-liking formality, was indifferent to Emily's ignorance of so much that any girl of his own rank would have known from her birth.

birth.

August came, and still Emily remained in Bath. To any impartial observer, she seemed quite to have regained her bloom, but Mrs. Floore, looking her physician firmly in the eye, said that she was still far from well. He was so obliging as to agree with her, and upon Emily's happening to give a little cough, shook his head, spoke of the unwisdom of neglecting coughs, and prescribed magnesia and bread-pudding as a cure.

a cure.

Major Kirkby, finding that he was frequently expected to souire Emily as well as Serena, told Fanny that he was in a puzzle to discover what there was in the girl to endear her to Serena. A pretty little creature, he acknowledged, but goeseish. Fanny explained that





YOU CAN BANK ON THIS

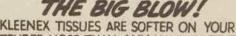
HANDLING NOTES AND COINS ALL DAY, I WAS ALWAYS WIPING MY HANDS. NOW I SAVE ON HANKIES. USE KLEENEX INSTEAD. CHALK-FINGERED TEACHERS ALSO NOTE!

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Dear Sirs.

This is just a note to show my appreciation of what Quick-Eze has done for me. I am a bad sufferer of indigestion and I have found that Quick-Eze has always given me instant relief. I never go out without a packet in my handbag.

(Original on file)

Yours faithfully, (Sgd.) Mrs. D. Peterson.

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Talking of Films

** Dial M For Murder

DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock's new technicolor thriller, "Dial M For Murder," tells of a game of murder played by a charming and sociable husband who plots a ful wealthy wife after discovering that she is interested in another man.

The film is good entertain-ment, though it lacks the touch of horror that keeps audiences sitting on the edge of their seats.

Ray Milland plays the cal-culating husband, Grace Kelly is his unsuspecting wife, and Robert Cummings the American mystery writer who is the

Most of the film action takes place in the London flat of the film's husband and

The role of Tony Wendice (Milland), the has-been tennis player and murder instigator, is, of course, the one on whom

OUR FILM GRADINGS

AAA Excellent Above average * Average

No stars-below average or not yet reviewed.

the impact of the whole picture depends.

Milland's playing of the role is as urbane as you could wish, but somehow he fails to live up to the menace of the character.

Grace Kelly is quietly effec-tive as the victim-elect. Robert Cummings is adequate.
The intricacies of the plot

itself fascinate from beginning to end, and the suggestion that unpredictable happenings are apt to sabotage a perfect crime is put forward with conviction.

The job of unravelling the murder puzzle goes to English actor John Williams, whose detective-inspector is mildly

In Sydney - Mayfair.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.-* "The Barefoot Contessa," technicolor drama, starring Ava Gardner, Humphrey Bogart. Plus

ABASSY.-* "Innocents in Paris," comedy, starring Margaret Rutherford, Claire Bloom, Alastair Sim. Plus

ESQUIRE.—"Modern Times," comedy, starring Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard. (Re-release, review not available.) Plus "Flannelfoot," thriller, starring Mary Germaine, Ronald Howard.

LIBERTY.—* "The Last Time I Saw Paris," technicolor drama in MetroScope, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM. ** "The Million Pound Note," technicolor period comedy, starring Gregory Peck, Jane Griffiths. Plus * "The Wide Boy," mystery, starring Susan Shaw, Ronald Howard.

LYRIC.—"The Iron Glove," technicolor period adven-ture, starring Robert Stack, Ursula Thiess. Plus "Bait," drama, starring Hugo Haas, Cleo Moore, John Agar. (Re-releases.)

(Re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—** "Dial M for Murder," Warnercolor thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Ray Milland. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—** "The Raid," technicolor American Civil War drama, starring Van Heflin, Anne Bancroft, Richard Boone. Plus * "Princess of the Nile," romantic adventure in technicolor, starring Debra Paget, Michael Rennie, Jeffrey Hunter.

PLAZA.-* "Duel in the Jungle," technicolor adventure, starring Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, David Farrar. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD....*** "Sabrina," romantic comedy, starring Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, William Holden. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—** "There's No Business Like Show Business," musical comedy in technicolor GinemaScope, starring Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—* "Deep in My Heart," musical biography in Eastmancolor MetroScope, starring Jose Ferrer, Merle Oberon. Plus featurettes.

STATE. ** "Doctor in the House," technicolor comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Kenneth More, Kay Kendall. Plus ** "Life in the Arctic," true-life adventure in

color. * "Francis Joins the W.A.C.S.," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Julie Adams, Francis the Mule. Plus * "Yellow Mountain," technicolor Western, starring Max Barker, Mala Powers, Howard Duff.

Films not yet reviewed

PARIS.—"Edward and Caroline," French-language comedy, starring Daniel Gelin, Anne Vernon. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"Sadko," Russian color fantasy, with music by Rimsky-Korsakov. Plus "The Strange Desire of Mon-sieur Bard," French-language comedy, starring Michel Simon, Yves Deniand.

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It can happen at 19 or 20 - the tired, faded look that comes from "paper-dry" skin. Tiny laugh lines etch into dry crow's feet. The skin on your cheeks gets chapped. soon looks coarsened. dull, older.

Don't let dry skin lines add years to your face. Start tonight to smooth them away with Pond's Dry Skin Cream. It's extra rich in lanolin that's homogenized to soften deeper



To erase dry crinkles fo erase dry crinkles around eyes — gently tap Pond's Dry Skin Cream around eyes and on eyelids. This lanolin-rich cream has a sattay fuil' body that smooths away dry crow's feet and tired circles.

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Un-homogenized crean has coarse globules which surface skin has difficulty absorbing.

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RICH IN HOMOGENIZED LANOLING Lanolin-richness you can FEEL in its fuller texture! Lanolin-richness that makes dry skin softer, younger-looking!

REDEX TRIAL

Keith Stewart, outright winner of the REDEX

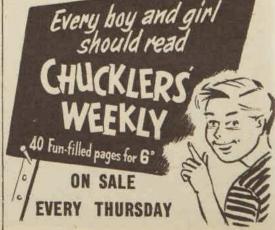
Motorcycle Trial, tells how he did it.



"High speeds over rough roads, in driving rain and icy winds, freeze you to the bone!" said Keith. "So I stoked up with hot BONOX as often as I could, to keep chills away and give me the extra "lift' I needed to beat time and the weather."

and the weather."

Bonox — a delicious drink
— pours concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef
straight into your bloodstream . . and keeps 'flu
at bay. So drink Bonox
at home, work, cafe, hotel
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 20, 1955

Page 54



From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Hollywood plans to groom another talented young dancer for top movie stardom if she can manage to get rid of her French accent in a hurry.

ballerina Liliane montevecchi, a darkhaired, long-legged recruit from Roland friends counts, Liliane should soon learn to speak English fluently enough to get by. Meanwhile, she is receiving the starlet treatment from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Since her arrival in Holly-wood some months ago Liliane wood some months ago Liliane has played two film roles—an exotic Egyptian princess who tries to lure Michael Wilding's prince away from Leslic Caron in "The Glass Slipper," and the tempestuous gipsy dancer who woos Stewart Granger in "Moonfleet."

Neither part is big, but in "Moonfleet" especially her gamin charm is displayed to full advantage, and she shows, too, her talent for gipsy-type

For a while Liliane, who came to America with the Ballet de Paris, which had been hired to work as a group in "The Glass Slipper," was not at all sure that she wanted to stay in Hellywood.

"I was mos unhappy," she confides. "I could speak only little Eenglish, and knew only the people in the ballet. Two weeks, and I want so much to go home."

But two old friends for

In the past more than one the ballet world—Leslie Caron and Taina Elg, who have both graduated to movies, encourroblem, but if the encouraged her to stay.

aged her to stay.

And she never did dance with the ballet group as originally planned. Instead, she was given the princess part in "The Glass Slipper," and her first taste of film acting.

It was about then that Lili-

It was about then that Latiane decided she liked Hollywood and would stay for a
white, after all.

Shortly afterwards, according to the story, Liliane had
the good luck to catch the eye
of producer look Houseman of producer John Houseman during luncheon in the res-taurant on the Metro lot.

"Who's the girl with the es?" Houseman asked an

eyes." Houseman asked an assistant, who escorted the girl over to the table and performed the introduction.

The feature role in "Moon-fleet" followed. And almost inevitably the nickname "The Eyes" was coined for Liliane. and has remained with her ever since.

She says, with a careless shrug for the Hollywood quirk of labelling people, "Everybody talks about the eyes. Sometime, I wish perhaps they say more about the dance."

To see Liliane Montevecchi in a tomper is outte an experi-

wo weeks, and I want so ence, they say around the set, uch to go home."

But two old friends from eyes, waves her arms excitedly



MUSICAL INTERLUDE is provided on the set of "Moonfleet" as George Sanders borrows the guitar of musician Vincente Gomes to entertain Stewart Granger (left) and newcomer Liliane Montevecchi, who has a role in the film.

About this she says, "I am not too temperamental. I get a little mad sometimes, yes, but I never get too mad." But it all sounds as though

Liliane might contribute some-what to Hollywood's grey

hairs.
Daughter of an Italian painter, Dino Montevecchi,

in every direction, and talks and a French mother who de-in rapid-fire French. signs hats. Liliane is Paris-

born and bred
Handsome Robert Petit,
who is Roland's brother, is her

current romantic interest.

This could create an interesting situation, for it so happens that Leslie Caron, her brief marriage to George brief marriage to George Hormel ended, likes Robert,

ESSION INPRIZES 是出版"人子子八子子八元"。

These wonderful prizes must be won **EVERY WEEK!**

A HILLMAN MINX SEDAN

2 A.W.A. RADIOLAGRAMS

2 TOTAL THIN - O-MATIC WASHING MACHINES



Contestants may enter every week and win a HILLMAN MINX or any of the other valuable prizes.

MINTS TO HELP CONTESTANTS WIN

- Persil washes whiter-that means cleaner.
- Whether you boil or use a washing machin Persil gets clothes cleaner than any other washing product because Persil contains
- Persil's special suds bubble through the fabric . . right into every thread. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete. thorough cleanness.
- For all its thoroughness, Perzil is gentle with

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- 1. Contestants simply complete the headline for the well-known Persil advertisement
 which reads, "Far Whiter than Last Week
 —Look! "(4 words required).
 2. Contestants then add the last line to the
 Persil jingle which appears on the accompanying entry form.
 3. Contestants may use this entry form or
 write their entries neatly on a separate
 sheet of paper. Every entry must bear the
 entrant's name and address printed clearly.

and be accompanied by a Persil packet top. Post entries to: Persil "Car-a-Week" Contest, Box 7056, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. There will be five weekly Contests, each with its own set of prizes. Dates are:

	OPENS	CLOSES
1st Confest	24th March	915 April
2nd Contest .	10th April	16th April
3rd Confest	17th April	23rd April
4th Confest	24th April	20th April
5th Contest	1st May	7th May

Entries will be judged for correctness, neatness and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

6. Entries received before midnight, 9th

April, will be judged in the first week's Contest. Thereafter, entries will be judged in the then current week's Contest, which will close at midnight each successive Saturday. Entries for the fifth and final week must be post-marked before midnight. Saturday, 7th May, and received by 14th May, 1955.

Persil packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would contravene the Law of that State.

PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED

Prize winners will be announced on the radio programme, "Give It A Go." The results of the 1st Contest will be announced on Monday, 25th April; 2nd Contest on Monday, 2nd May; 3rd Contest on Monday, 23rd May; 3th Contest on Monday, 30th May. In addition, all prize winners will be notified by mail.



ontestants must complete the headline for own Fersil advortisement which reads. "Far Wist 31 Works-Look!" [4 words required e last line to this Persil Jingle in the space pr

"Persil washer whiter, And that means cleaner, too; The oxygen in Persil Suds

Frampie: Does all the work for you

Entries may be written on a plain cheef of paper, together with your name and address, or on this entry form. Entries should be accompanied by a Persil packet top Persil packet tops are not required from residents of any State where the inclusion of such packet tops would confravene the Law of their State.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 20, 1955

Page 55



Elizabeth Taylor

... glamourous star of M.G.M. film "Beau Brummell"

Aays

"When you want to look extra lovely wear soft, misty nylons"

HANOLIN-SOFT

NYLONS

Elizabeth Taylor knows just how important soft, misty Nylons are for leg glamour. See for yourself how lovely your legs will look in **HILTEN** Nyloseal Nylons.

Nyloseal makes MILTON Nylons last longer and Lanolin — exclusive to MILTON — adds that alluring softness, smooth clinging fit and flattering, misty dullness that make MILTON Nylons so different.

Nyloseal plus Lanolin spells magic for your legs.

Waltz Dream

DENIER 11

Elation

ENIER 12'1

Fabulous

... 12 DENIER 14'11

Fanfare

... 15 DENIER MESH 16/11



HILTON NYLOSEAL NYLONS WITH LANOLIN

Page 56



ENTERTAINMENT is turned on in a local bar by Linda (Vera Clouset), a lovely half-caste for down-and-outs who are united in one respect their wish to leave the country by slane. There is no other way. The only jobs are with oil outfit.



2 FRIENDS of long standing are Mario (Yves Montand), right, a Corsican who loves and is loved by Linda, and Luigi (Folco Lulli), an Italian who has a job. The men lodge and eat together. A tough Frenchman named Jo arrives in town.



3 IMPRESSED by Jo (Charles Vanel), right, Mario deserts both Linda and Luigi. Jo's plan is to force the local oil manager to pro-ride money for a get-away, but it fails. 300 miles up-country an oil well explodes.



4 TRUCKS loaded with nitro-glycerine to control the fire are prepared for the dangerous mountain road. Mario is given charge of one truck and Luigi the other. Each man is to receive 2000 dollars for the trip. By trickery Jo wins a place as Mario's co-driver.



ON THE ROAD Jo loses his nerve, but Mario needs him to help drive. Meanwhile, fearless Mario and steady Luigi are recon-ciled. Later Luigi's truck blows up.

* Nerve-racking suspense is the keynote of "Wages of Fear" (B.E.F.), the Frenchlanguage drama which won the Grand Prix at the International Film Festival at Cannes in 1953.

Set in a sun-baked oil town so mewhere in Central America, it tells the story of a death journey that is shared by four derelict characters who scheme with and against each other to secure the money they all need to take them out of the territory. Charles Vanel, Yves Mon-tand, Peter Van Eyck, and

Folco Lulli play the central



6 ACCIDENTALLY injured when Mario forces him to wade into a pool of oil in an attempt to keep their truck running, Jo realises that Mario's attentions are useless.



7 OILFIELD battle is raging when Mario arrives with Jo's body. He is young and a night's sleep effaces the memory of Jo's death and the nightmare drive. Mario has his own 2000 dollars and Jo's as well as he prepares to return to Linda and escape.



8 DRIVING back along the mountain road Mario listens over the car radio to a gay waltz to which Linda is dancing 300 miles An instant's inattention on Mario's part and the truck crashes into a lonely ravine.





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

ASK FOR "LOLA" FASHION SHOES FOR CHILDREN



Continuing

it was all kindness: Emily had always looked up to Serena, and that was why Serena took pity on her. But the Major was not satisfied.

satisfied.
"That is all very well," he objected, "but she seems to believe herself to be in some sort responsible for Miss Laleham!

lieve herself to be in some sort responsible for Miss Laleham! She is for ever telling her how she should conduct herself in this or that circumstance!"

"I wish she would not!"
Fanny said impulsively. "I would like Emily to conduct herself so awkwardly as to give Lord Rotherham a disgust of her, for I am persuaded she will be miserable if she marries him! How Serena can fail to see that, I know not!"

"I don't think Serena cares for that," he said slowly. "She appears to me to be wholly bent on training Miss Laleham to make Rotherham a comfortable wife. I can tell you this, Lady Spenborough: she does not mean this engagement of his to

wife. I can tell you this, Lady Spenborough: she does not mean this engagement of his to be broken off."

"But what concern is it of hers?" cried Fanny. "Surely you must be mistaken!"

"I asked her very much that question myself. She replied that it had been no very pleasant thing for him when she jitted him, and she would not for the world have him subjected to another such slight."

Fanny looked very much surprised, but when she had thought it over for a minute she said: "She has known him all her life, of course, and no matter how bitterly they quarrel they always seem to contrive to remain on terms with each other. But it is very wrong of her to interfere in this! I don't believe Emily wants to marry Rotherham. She would not dare to tell Serena so, I daresay, and Serena takes care not to leave her alone with me, because she knows what my feelings are on that head."

He smiled. "So if Serena interferes in one direction, you would be happy to do so in the other."

"Oh, no, no! Only if Emily

would be happy to do so in the other?"

"Oh, no, no! Only if Emily confided in me—if she should ask my advice—I would counsel her most strongly not to marry a man for whom she feels no decided preference! A man, too, so much older than herself, and of such a harsh disposition! She cannot be aware—even if he were as kind, as considerate as—" Her voice failed; she turned away, coloring painfully.

Unconsciously he placed his hand over hers as it lay on the arm of her chair, and pressed it reassuringly. It seemed to flutter under his.

After a moment it was gently

After a moment it was gently withdrawn, and Fanny said, a little breathlessly: "I should not

Bath Tangle

from page 51

have spoken so. I don't wish you to think that I was not most sincerely attached to Lord Spenborough. My memories of him must always be grateful and affectionate."

"You need say no more," he replied in a low voice. "I understand you perfectly." There was a brief pause; then he said, with a resumption of his usual manner: "I am afraid you must sometimes be lonely now that Serena is so often with her tiresome protegee. I have

now that Screns is so often with her tiresome protegee. I have a very good mind to give her a scold for neglecting you!"
"Indeed, you must do no such thing! I assure you, she doesn't neglect me, and I am not at all lonely."

It was true. Since she had emerged from her strict seclusion she had never lacked for company, and had by this time many acquaintances in Bath.

She received and returned morning visits, attended one or two concerts, dined out several

two concerts, dined out several times, and even consented to appear at a few select rout parties. She felt herself adventurous indeed, for she had never before gone alone into society.

PRIOR to her marriage, Fanny had dwelt in her mother's shadow; after it, in her husband's or her step-daughter's. She was too well-accustomed to every sort of social gathering to feel the want of support, and only one circumstance marred her quiet enjoyment of Bath's mild social life. Protected as she had been, she had never learnt how to hold her many admirers at a distance.

She was not naturally firtatious, and an elderly and fond husband, who knew his world, had taken care not to expose her to the temptations of fashionable London.

But so young and so divinely

fashionable London.

But so young and so divinely fair a widow exercised a powerful fascination over the susceptible, and she soon found herself in small difficulties. A shocked look was enough to check the advances of her more elderly admirers, but several lovelorn youths seriously discomposed her by the assiduity of their attentions, and their apparent determination to make her and themselves conspicuous. spicuous.

spicuous.

Serena would have known just how to depress pretensions, but Fanny lacked her lightness of touch, and, moreover, could never bring herself to snub a young gentleman who bashfully presented her with an elegant posy, or ran all over

town to procure for her some elusive commodity which she had been heard to express a wish to possess. She believed that her circumstances protected her from receiving unwanted proposals, and comforted herself with the thought that the more violent of her adorers were too young to nourish serious intentions. It came as a severe shock to her. noursh serious intentions. It came as a severe shock to her, therefore, when Mr. Augustus Ryde, son of an old acquaintance of her mother's, so far forget himself as to cast himself at her feet, and to utter an impassioned declaration.

mpassioned declaration.

He had gained admittance to her drawing-room by offering to be the bearer to Fanny of a note from his gratified parent. He found Fanny alone, looking so pretty and so fairy-like in her very becoming black robe, that he lost his head.

Fanny, having read Mrs. Ryde's note, said: "Excuse me, if you please, while I write an answer to Mrs. Ryde's kind invitation! Perhaps you will be so obliging as to deliver it to her." She made as if to rise from her chair but was presented by her chair, but was prevented by Mr. Ryde's throwing himself on to his knees before her, and imploring her to hear him.

Startled, Fanny stammered "Mr. Ryde! I beg you—get up You forget yourself! Oh, pray

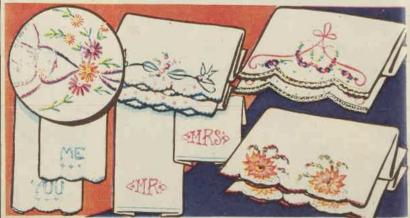
It was to no avail. Her hands were seized and covered with kinses, and upon her outraged ears fell a tumultuous torrent of words. Desperate attempts to check this outpouring were unheeded, possibly unheard Mr. Ryde, not content with laying his heart at her feet, gave her an incoherent account of his present circumstances and tuture expectations, swore eternal devotion, and declared his intention of plunging into the Avon if denied hope. Perceiving that she shrank back in alarm, shocked tears in her eyes, he begged her not to be frightened, and contrived to get an arm round her slim waist. Into this ridiculous scene

an arm round her slim waist.

Into this ridiculous scene walked Major Kirkby, unannounced. He checked on the threshold, considerably astonished. One glance sufficed to put him in tolerably accurate possession of the facts. He trod briskly across the floor as the disconcerted lover turned a startled face towards him, and Fanny gave a thankful cry. A hand grasping his coat-collar assisted Mr. Ryde to rise swiftly to his feet. to his feet.

"You had best beg Lady Spenborough's pardon before you go," said the Major cheer-fully. "And another time don't

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BLUEBIRDS, BOW-KNOTS, AND FLORAL MOTIFS are featured on embroidery transfer No. 128. Use them for pillow-cases and for sheets to match or on any other household linens. The personalised motifs that are also included on this sheet are smart on towels. Price of the sheet, which measures 24in. x 28in., is only 2/6, Order from our Needlework Department. See address, page 77.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WHERLY - April 20, 1955

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DROP IN CLOTHES TURN ON COLD WATER



SHAKE IN SOAP POWDER



SET WASHING TIME DIAL





PRESS THE BUTTON ...



... AND GO!



Page 59

Every RHEUMATIC SUFFERE should read this

The Malgie Cream Co.

4th January, 1955.

Dear Sirs:

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in my case. For some years I suffered with painful rheumatism in the legs, especially in the joints. I had great difficulty in bending the legs, I tried many Treatments and none of them did me any good. I heard of your cream over the wireless. I thought it worth a trial from what I had heard and I can honestly say that after using two pots of cream I am just about free of my trouble. Very little pain and no stiffness at all. I think that is a wonderful thing for me.

onaerful thing for me.
I recommend your cream to all my friends. My sister-law is using it for her feet. This is an honest and we statement and you may use it in any way you

Yours sincerely.

Mrs. E. B. Hummerston 3 Louis Street, Summer Hill, N.S.W.

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Close on a million people in Australia suffer from rheumatism. Attacking both young and old alike, rheumatism causes more pain than any other disease. Formerly, rheumatic sufferers were faced with a life of misery as there was no worthwhile treatment for relieving the pain of rheumatic conditions. Now, however, thousands are finding relief from pain with the aid of Malgie Adrenalin Cream.

ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC DISCOVERIES OF MODERN TIMES.

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By Leslie Turner White

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The story of his during expedition is an amusing tale of love, battle, and intrigue.

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Page 60

Continuing ... Bath Tangle

come to pay a morning visit when you're foxed!" Confused and indignant, Mr.

Confused and indignant, Mr. Ryde hotly refuted this suggestion, and tried somewhat incoherently to assure both Fanny and the Major of the honorable nature of his proposal. But Fanny only stood in dismayed silence, and the Major propelled the young man uncerremoniously to the door, saying: "When you are five years older you may make proposals, and by that time you will know better than to force your attentions upon a force your attentions upon a lorce your attentions upon a lady whose circumstances should be enough to protect her from annoyance. Take yourself off! If you oblige me to escort you downstairs, I shall do so in a way you won't care for."

With these damping words, he pushed Mr. Ryde out of the

"Stupid young coxcomb," he remarked, turning again into the room. Then he saw that the room. Then he saw that Fanny was by no means inclined to laugh the matter off, but was, in fact, excessively distressed and agitated, and he went quickly towards her, exclaiming in concern: "You must not take it so to heart! The devil! I wish I had kicked him downstairs!"

She tried to overcome her emotion, but as fast as she

She tried to overcome her emotion, but as fast as she wiped the tears from her cheeks her eyes filled again. The novelty of the experience had upset her as much as its impropriety. She was trembling pittably, and as pale as she had before been red.

"How could he? How could he insult me so?" she sobbed.

"It was very had, but he didn't mean to insult you!" the Major assured her. "To be sure, he deserves to be flogged for impertinence, but it was nothing more than a silly boy's infatuation!"

infatuation!

"Oh, what must my conduct have been to have allowed him to suppose that such dreadful advances could be welcome to me?" wept Fanny. "Not one arvances could be welcome to me?" wept Fanny. "Not one year widowed, and this—! I never dreamed—it never oc-curred to me——" "No, no. of course it did not!" said the Major soothingly,

not!" said the Major soothingly, dropping on one knee in precisely the spot vacated by Mr. Ryde, and taking the widow's hand in a comforting clasp. "You are not to be blamed! Your conduct has been irreproachable! Don't —! I can't bear to see you so unhappy, my—Lady Spenborough!"
"I bee your pardon—it is

—Lady Spenborough!"
"I beg your pardon—it is very silly!" Fanny choked, making heroic efforts to compose herself, and succeeding only in uttering a stifled sob. "I didn't know how to stop him, and he kept on kissing my hands, and saying such things, and frightening me sol Indeed, I am very sorry to be so foolish! I am seto very m-much obliged to sorry to be so foolish! I am s-so very m-much obliged to you for s-sending him away! I can't think w-what I should have done if you had not c-come in, for he—oh, Major Kirkby, he actually put his arm round me! I am so much ashamed, but indeed I never gave him the least encouragement!"

At this point the Major, going one better than Mr. Ryde, put both his own arms round the drooping figure, Nyde, put both his own arms round the drooping figure, cradling it protectively and saying involuntarily: "Fanny, Fanny! There, my darling, there, then! Don't cry! I'll see to it the young cub doesn't come near you again! There's nothing now to be frightened of!"

Oute how it happened, neither knew. The outraged widow, finding an inviting shoulder so close, sank instinctively against it, and the next instant was locked in a far more alarming embrace than she had been subjected to by the un-lucky Mr. Ryde. The improfrom page 58

priety of it did not seem to strike her. Her heart leaped in her bosom; she clung tightly to the Major, and put up her face to receive his kiss. For a long moment they stayed thus, then, as though re-

stayed thus, then, as though re-alisation dawned simultaneously on each of them, Fanny made a convulsive movement to free herself, and the Major's arms dropped from about her, and be sprang up, exclaiming: "Fanny! Oh, what have I Fanny! Oh, what

They stared at one another, pale as death, horror in their

faces.

"I—I beg your pardon!"
the Major stammered. "I
didn't mean— Oh, my darling, what are we to do?"
The color came rushing back
to her cheeks; so tender a glow
shone in her eyes that it was
all he could do not to take her
back into his arms. But she said
in a constricted yoice. "You a constricted voice, "You re only trying to comfort I know you did not

mean....."Fanny, Fanny, don't say it!
We could not help ourselves!"
he interrupted, striding over to
the window, as though he dared
not trust himself to look at
her, "The fool that I have

been!"
Such bitter anguish throbbed in his voice that she winced, and bowed her head to hide a fresh spring of tears. A long silence fell. Fanny surreptitiously wiped her eyes and said faintly, "It was my fault. You must forget—how silly I was. I don't regard it. I know you cannot have meant it."

you cannot have meant it."
"I think I must have loved you from the moment I saw

"Oh, no, no! Hector, think what you are saying! You love Serena! All these years you have loved her!"

wildly. "I have loved a dream. A sickly, sentimental dream which only a moonstruck fool could have created! The vision I cherished—it was not of Serena! She was never like it!"
"No, not like your dream, but better by far!" she said quickly. "Yes, better by far! She is a grand creature! I admire her, I honor her, I think her the most beautiful woman I ever beheld—but I do not love her!"

She pressed a hand to her temple. "How can this be! Oh, no, it is not possible! It could not be!"
"Do you believe me to be HE Major said

"Do you believe me to be mad?" he asked, coming away from the window. "How can I make you understand?" He sat down opposite to her and dropped his head into his hands.

"It wasn't madness, but folly! When I knew her first—oh, I was head over ears in love with her! As ridiculous an object, I suppose, as that wretched boy I found with you just now! Separated from her, joining my regiment as I did in the Peninsula, seeing no women other than camp-followers and Spanish pressures for mouths there. 'It wasn't madness, but folly! than camp-tollowers and Span-ish peasants for months, there was nothing to banish Serena's image from my memory. It was not enough to remember her; insensibly I laid coat upon coat

insensibly I laid coat upon coat of new and more dazzling paint upon my image! Her face I could not alter, her self I did! Perhaps I never knew it!" He looked up, a painful smile twisting his lips. "Were you ever given laudanum for an aching tooth, Fanny? Enough to make you believe your dreams were real? That was what Serena's image was to me. Then—I met her again." He Then— I met her again," I paused, and sank his head his hands again and groaned.

"Her face, more lovely even than I remembered it! Her smiling eyelids, the music in her voice, her witchery, the very grace of her every movement-all, all as I had remembered

them! I was in love again, but still in that insane dream! The woman beneath what blinded woman beneath what blinded my eyes was a stranger to me. My image I had endowed with my own thoughts, my own tastes: Serena and I have scarcely a thought in common, and our tastes—" He broke off with a mirthless laugh. "Well, you must know how widely divergent they are!"
"I know that you have some-

"I know that you have some-times been surprised even dis-appointed, but you have been happy! Surely you have been happy?" Fanny said implor-

ingly.

"I have been happy because of you," he replied. "Today I know that. I did not before. I was like a man dazzled by strong sunlight, and when my eyes grew accustomed and I saw a landscape less perfect than I had imagined it, I shut have. I didn't high them. than I had imagined it, I shut them. I didn't think it possible that my feeling for Serena could change. That you were the woman I loved I never knew until I had you in my arms, and realised that to let you go would be to tear the heart out of my chest."

She rose quickly and knelt beside him, putting her arms round him. "And mine! Oh, Hector, Hector, and mine! Oh, how wicked I have been! For I knew how much I loved you!"

They clung together, her head

I knew how much I loved you!"
They clung together, her head
on his shoulder, his hand holding it there. Her tears fell
silently; when she snoke again
her voice had a resolute calm.
"It cannot be, my dearest."
"No. I know it. Well for
you to be saved from such a
contemptible clodpole as I have
proved myself to be!" he said
bitterly.

She drew his hand from her check and held it. "You must not talk so. Or speak to me of what might have been. We must neither of us think of that ever again. Hector, we could not

"You need not tell me so. In

me it would be infamous!"

"You will learn to be happy
with Serena—indeed, you will,
dearest! Just now it seems as
though—but we shall grow accustomed, both of us! Where customed, both of us! Where there is no question of dislike, one does, you see. I — I know that. Serena must never so much as suspect this!"

"No," he said hopelessly.

She could not forbear to put her hand up, lightly stroking his waving fair hair.

"There is."

his waving fair hair.

"There is so much in Serena that is true, not a part of your image! Her courage and her kindness, and her generosity—h, a thousand things!" She tried to smile. "You will forget you were ever so foolish as to love me, even a little. Serena is eleverer than I am, and so much more beautiful!"

He took her face between his hands and looked deep into her eyes.

hands and looked deep into her eyes.

"Cleverer and more beautiful, but so much less dear!" he said in an aching voice. He let her go. "Don't be afraid! I have been a fool, but I hope I am a man of honor."

"I know, oh, I know! You have been a little shocked to find that Serena is not quite what you thought her, but you will recover, and you will wonder at yourself for not having perceived at once how much more worth loving she is than the stupid image you made!

And she loves you, Hector!"

He was silent for a moment, staring at his clenched hands, but presently he raised his eyes to Fanny's again, in a searching.

but presently he raised his eyes to Fanny's again, in a searching, questioning look. "Does she?" he asked.

She was amazed. "But, Hector—! Oh, how can you doubt it, when she has even said she will relinquish her fortune only to please you?"

He sighed. "Yes. I was forgetting. But it has sometimes

To page 63

"BUSY AS A BEE" now she's regular



Miss Y. Rae, Bardwell Park, N.S.W., writes: "I was docing myself with purgatives to end constitution but found my strength and energy going. I started an your All-Bran and now I'm busy as a bee with my dressmaking..."

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LEO

* Young and old will be stepping out. Whether it's a new pastime or an old one revived, you'll be filled with enthusiasm. An excep-tional number of parties.

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

The Virgin

* Many of you will be travelling about in connection with your job. Acting as messenger, or linison of-ficer, between a number of sets of people, you'll like it.

The Balance

In conjunction with a friend, you are likely to attend an auction sale or purchase an article for the use of some club, or conclude a transaction on behalf of others.

SCORPIO

Looking over your wardrobe, choosing additions to it, home sew-ing, which brings out your artis-tic, creative instincts, are all under friendly star influences.

OCTOBER 21-NOVEMBER 22 SAGITTARIUS The Archer

* House-cleaning, the turning out and straightening up of cupboards and boxes, domestic returbishing and decorating in preparation for winter are well favored.

CAPRICORN

Romance is on your doorstep and likely to ring the bell at any moment. If older and already mar-ried, a pleasant surprise an un-expected gift, may be walking.

A popular tribute from friends might take the form of a party in your honor, or you could be asked to speak on some special occasion, or co-opted to a committee.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 30-FEBRUARY 19

* This week favors the homekesper. Married subjects find joy in each other's company and undertake projects which will shortly bring admiration on the part of friends.

The Fish FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

* Should your work have anything to do with communications, you'll have every reason to be content. Radio, posts and telegraphs, also secretarial work, bring rewards.

Seamaster

Peliability ... that's rugged for your roughest, toughest days

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OMEGA

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 20, 1955

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THE BEAUTIFUL HOLDEN - AUSTRALIA'S OWN CAR

HOW NATURALLY Holden fits into this typically Australian scene — sunshine, the wayside stall, gum trees in the background and the family group selecting choice fruit for their picnic meal.

Holden has won a special place in the hearts of most Australians for the beauty of its styling and for practical reasons, too. The six cylinder engine provides ideal top gear performance for city driving or long-distance travel. The all-steel Aerobilt body has room and comfort for a family of six. Handling in traffic is delightful—the gears change smoothly—the cushioned steering

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THE PERSON OF TH

* RESISTERED THACK MARK

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emed to me—Fanny, are youre it is not Rotherham whom he really loves?"

"Rotherham?" The blankest incredulity sounded in Fanny's voice. "What makes you think meh a thing?

I didn't think it. But when he came here—afterwards—the asspicion crossed my mind that it was so."

No, no, she could not! Oh, i you had ever heard what she says of her engagement to him you would not entertain such thoughts! They cannot meet without falling out! And he! Did you think he loved her still?" 'No, no, she could not! Oh.

"No," he said heavily. "I aw no sign—it did not occur to me. He made no attempt to prevent our engagement. On prevent our engagement. On the contrary! He behaved to the contrary! He behaved to me with a forbearance, indeed, a kindness, which I neither ex-pected nor felt that I descryed! And his own engagement was announced before he knew of

There was another long silence. Fanny rose to her feet. "She doesn't care for him. Oh, I am sure she could not! It is the feeling for a man who was her father's friend! If it were so—and you, too—!"

He too rose. "She shall never, God helping me, know the truth! I must go. How I am to face her I know not! Fanny, I cannot do it immediately! There is some business at home which I should have attended to long since. I'll

hosiness at home which I should have attended to long since. I'll go away. Inform her that I called to tell her I had a letter from my agent, that I mean to leave by the mail-coach this afternoon!" He glanced at the gilded clock on the mantel-inelf. "It leaves Bath at five o'clock, does it not? I have just time to pack my portmanteau and to catch it."
"It will not do!" she cried.

and to catch it."
"It will not do!" she cried.
"If you go away like this, what
must she think?"
"I shall come back. Tell her
that it is only for a few days! I
must have time to collect myself.
Just at this moment—" He
broke off, caught her hands,
and kissed them passionately,
unering: "My darling, my darling! Forgive me!" Then,
without another word or a back-

Continuing . . . Bath Tangle

ward look he strode quickly out of the room.

When Screna returned to Laura Place it was nearly three hours later, and Fanny had had time to compose herself. She had fled to the security of her bedchamber as soon as she had heard the front door slam behind the Major, and had given way to uncontrollable despair. The violence of her feelings left her so exhausted that even in her so exhausted that even in her so exhausted that even in the midst of her agitating re-flections she fell asleep. She awoke not much refreshed but calm, and if her spirits could not be other than low and op-pressed and her cheeks wan, there were no longer signs to be seen in her face of a prolonged bout of exists.

bout of crying.

Serena came in to find her seated in the window embrasure with a book lying open on her

with a book lying open on her knee.

"Fanny, have you been picturing me kidnapped, or lost, or dead on the road? I am filled with remorse, and why I ever consented to go to Wells with that stupid party I cannot imagine! I might have known it would be too far for comfort or enjoyment! Indeed, I did know it, and allowed myse! and you to be victimised merely because Emily wanted to go and could not unless I took her. Or so I thought, but, upon my soul, I fancy Mrs. Beaulieu would have accepted her with complaisance even though she had met her but once before in her life! Her good nature is really excessive: such a parcel of ramshackle people as she had permitted to join the party I never companied with in my life before! I assure you, Fanny, that with the exception of her own family, the Aylshams, young Thormanby, and myself, Mr. Goring was the most creditable member of the expedition!"

"Good heavens, did he go with you?"

"He did, upon Mrs. Floore's suggestion. It was out of my power to refuse to sponsor him, and by the time I had run my

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eye over the rest of the party I was glad of it! He is not, perhaps, the most enlivening of companions, but he may be depended upon to maintain a stolid sobriety, and his joining us enabled me to dispense with Fobbing's escort, for which I was thankful! I should have been in disgrace with Fobbing for a week bad he seen our cavalcade! I am well-served, you will tell me, for not attending to Hector! He told me how it would be."

attack a party of children of whom not one is over eighteen years of age! By the time she had reached Wells she was by had reached wells she was by far too full of liveliness for propriety, and ready to main-tain a flirtation with the court-card who had ridden close to the landaulet all the way to

"Serena, you did not permit it? For either of you to be in a chain with such vulgar per-sons is shocking!"

"Exactly so! I formed an instant alliance with the respectable Mr. Goring, and between us we kept her under

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"PM UP! FM UP! I'm up. I'm up!"

"Dearest, how disagreeable it must have been! I wish you had not gone!'

had not gone!"

"Yes, so did I! It was a dead bore. We didn't reach Wells until noon, for in spite of all the fine tales I was told it is a three-hour drive; and we spent four interminable hours there resting the horses, eating a nuncheon, looking at the Cathedral, and dawdling about the town. And, that nothing might be lacking to crown my day, I allowed Emily to drive to Wells in a landauler with the young Aylshams and no chaperon to check the sort of high spirits that inevitably

close guard. To do her justice, once away from the wilder members of the party she soon became sober again. But I gave her a tremendous scold on the way home. I promise you!"

"Did you consider what Lord Rotherham would say to all

Rotherham would say to all this?" Fanny asked, glancing fleetingly at her.

"It was unnecessary: I knew! That was the gist of my scold, and it brought upon me a flood of tears and entreaties not to tell him or Mama.

"Tears and entreaties! Do you still say that she is not afraid of him, Serena?"
"No, she is a good deal in

awe of him, and I fancy he has frightened her," Serena replied

frightened her, Serena replied coolly.

"If he has done that, you will scarcely persist in believing that he loves her!"

Serena turned away to pick up her gloves.

"I have every reason to believe, my dear Fanny, that he loves her deeply," she said, in a dry voice. "Unless I much mistake the matter, it is the violence of his passion which has put her in a fright, not his withering tongue! Of that she stands in awe merely, and it is as well she should, for she is too giddy, and too often betrayed into some piece of hoydenish conduct. She was not thrown into a panic by rebuke. hoydenish conduct. She was not thrown into a panic by rebuke, I'll swear! She is too well-accustomed to it. For a man of experience, Rotherham has handled her very ill. If I did not suspect that he has realised it already, I should be strongly tempted to tell him so."

"Serenal" Fanny protested, out to sandalised.

Fanny protested, quite scandalised

"Serenal" Fanny protested, quite scandalised

"Don't distress yourself! I fancy that is why he has not come to Bath to see Emily. No doubt Lady Laleham hinted him away: she at least is clever enough to know that with such a shy little innocent as Emily it would be fatal to set too hot a pace to courtship. I wonder she ever left them alone together—except that I collect he was at first careful not to alarm a filly he must have known was as shy as she could stare, ready to bolt at one false move." Her lip curled "He's impatient, but I never knew him to be so on the box or in the saddle. I own, I am astonished that a man with such fine, light hands could have blundered so!"

"Serena, I do beseech you not to talk in that horrid way!" broke in Fanny. "Emily is not a horse!"

"Filly, my love, filly!"

"No, Serenal And whatever you may choose to imagine, it's my belief he hasn't come to Bath because he doem't know Emily is here! Recollect that Lady Laleham would not let him set eyes on Mrs. Floore for the world! Depend upon it, she has fobbed him off—if it was necessary, which I don't at all

believe!—with some lie!"

"Rotherham is well aware of Emily's direction. She received a letter from him yesterday, written from Claveross." replied Screna. "Lady Laleham found another means of keeping him away from Bath, you see. I don't doubt he will handle Emily with far more discretion when he meets her again—though I cannot think it wise of him to write, pressing for an early marriage, before he has soothed her maidenly fears! However, I trust I have to some extent performed that office for him."

"He is pressing for an early marriage?" Fanny repeated.

"Yea, why not?"

"How can you? Oh, how can you?" Fanny exclaimed, shuddering. "When you know that she neither loves nor trusts him!"

"She will canidly do both."

him!"
"She will rapidly do both. "She will rapidly do both. She is amazingly persuadable I assure you!" Screna retorted. She glanced at the clock. "Do we dine at eight? How modish we become! I must go and make myself tidy. Does Hector dine with us tonight, or is he exected with me for having flouted his extremely wise advice?"

"You know he is never the strength."

"You know he is never vexed," Fanny said. "But he doesn't come to us tonight. He called this afternoon, to desire me to tell you that he was obliged to go into Kent for a few days, and meant to catch the mail, at five o'clock."
"Good heavens, what a sudden start! Has some disaster befallen?"
"Oh, no! That is, I did not

"Oh, no! That is, I did not On, no: I hat is, I did not question him, naturally! But he said something about busi-ness which he had neglected, and his agent's having written to tell him that it had become most urgent.

most urgent."

"Oh, I see! Very likely, I daresay! I recall that he told me once that he had come to Bath for a few weeks only. The weeks have turned into months! I hope he will despatch his business swiftly: how moped we shall be without him!

"Yes, indeed!" Fanny agreed. Her voice sounded hollow in her own cars.

her own cars.

To be continued



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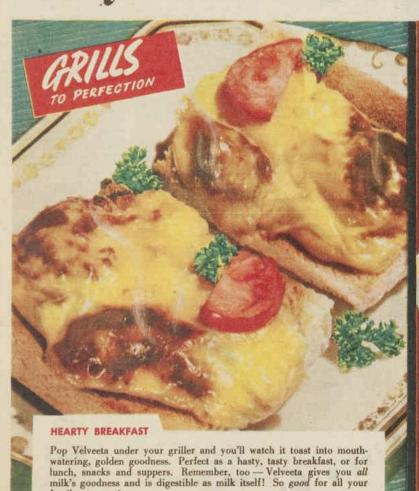
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Did you know that in making ordinary cheese, some of the precious food elements are lost? They are run off in the whey. These are: milk sugars, milk minerals and Vitamin B₂. But, Velveela puts them back. And never before has this been done! Yes! Velveeta adds all of these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health. So, you see, Velveeta offers you extra value — because of its extra jood values.

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DELICIOUS SAUCE QUICK! EASY!

It takes only a few minutes to serve this appetising and nourishing Velveeta sauce. Simply melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler (or ordinary saucepan stood in boiling water), stir in ¼ cup of milk - and pour over vegetables for extra flavour, extra nourishment.



family at any time.

like butter!

You'll notice how firmly and neatly Velveeta slices — yet how it spreads like butter under your knife! Choose Velveeta for school lunches . . . pack those extra food values into the youngsters' sandwiches. Save butter, too! You don't need butter when you spread delicious, moneysaving Velveeta. Pasteurised and processed for purity. Ask for Velveeta in its yellow 8 oz. packet. Made by KRAFT FOODS.





THE temptation to get by with "something on a tray" is strong, but it is a temptation worth resisting, if only for the

A large number of "lone-eaters" try to convince themselves that cooking for one is too much trouble. The real reason is more !!! The real reason is more likely to be lack of sufficient recipes to avoid monotony. Or maybe it's because they neither buy wisely nor make the best use of available ingredi-

Plan meals for two or three days Plan means for two or three days ahead. This is much more interesting than thinking up one meal at a time. It also simplifies shopping and enables you to make the best use of left-overs.

The two menus on this page offer suggestions for preparing single servings in new and interesting ways.
All spoon measurements are level.

BREAKFAST MENU Tomato juice Stewed pear and prunes Savory scrambled egg (with bacon and chives)

Toast and honey, coffee

HOME-MADE TOMATO JUICE

One pound tomatoes, ½ cup water, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice.

Skin and chop tomatoes, place in saucepan with water, sugar, and salt. Cover and simmer until soft and pulpy. Rub through a coarse strainer and place in refrigerator. Add Worcestershire sauce and lemon juice to taste just before serving in a small glass.

Note: This will keep for 3 or 4 days. If the juice is to be prepared in larger quantities for storing the following recipe should be used.

TOMATO JUICE

Tomato Juice
Thoroughly wash fresh, ripe
tomatoes, dry, and cut up roughly.
Place in a saucepan with I teaspoon
salt and I cup water for each pound
of tomatoes. Boil 10 minutes. Strain
through a fine sieve. Bottle into
clean hot jars. Cover tops of bottles
with a single layer of greaseproof
paper. When cold, coat with paraftin wax.

STEWED PEARS AND PRUNES Two pears, 6 prunes, 1 cup water, cup sugar, thin strip of lemon

Bring water and sugar to boiling point. Peel pears thinly, leave whole, and place carefully into the boiling syrup, add lemon rind. Gover and simmer very gently until pears are almost tender. Add soaked prunes almost tenuer. Aut soaked prints and continue simmering until prunes are soft. Dessert prunes will cook quickly and do not need soaking. Carefully remove pears from syrup, cut one in halves and carefully re-

move core. Serve one pear half with 3 prunes in centre for breakfast, reserve second half and remaining prunes for another breakfast and keep the one whole pear to serve with chocolate marshmallow as a

SAVORY SCRAMBLED EGG (With bacon and chives)

One rasher bacon, I teaspoon but-ter, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, chopped chives, I slice of toast, sprig of pars-

ley,
Remove rind from bacon, cut
into small pieces. Place in small
saucepan with butter, and cook
gently until lightly browned. Add
beaten egg and milk, salt and pepper,
Stir occasionally over low heat until
very thick. Fold in chopped chives, pile on to freshly made hot buttered toast, garnish with a sprig of pars-ley and serve immediately.

DINNER MENU

Lamb shanks de luxe (with carrots and peas) Parsley-potatoes, Shredded cabbage

Pears with chocolate marshmallow Coffee

Biscuits and cheese (with celery and lettuce)

LAMB SHANKS DE LUXE

One or 2 lamb shanks, † clove garlic, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ teaspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon good fat, 1½ cups hot water, 1 carrot, † cup shelled peas, 1½ teaspoons gravy browning, parsley, ½ bay leaf.

Browning, parsley, 4 bay leaf.

Rub shanks well with peeled cut garlic. Combine flour, paprika, sait, and pepper and rub well into lamb shanks. Heat fat in heavy saucepan or pressure cooker, add prepared shanks, and brown well on all sides. Pour off excess fat. Add reserved garlic, hay leaf, and water. Cover and simmer 4 hour or pressure cook 15 minutes. Add sliced carrot, shelled

GOOD LINEN and china make an attractive setting for this dinner menu, which in-cludes lamb shanks de luxe, purkley potatoes, shredded abbage, and pears with chocolate murshmallow. See recipes on this page.

BREAKFAST DISHES should be quick, easy, and appetis-ing. The menu illustrated above includes tomato juice, stewed pear and prunes, and savory scrambled egg with bacon and chives.

peas, and blended gravy browning. Simmer until vegetables are tender If using pressure cooker reduce pressure and cook for 3 minutes longer. Remove bay leaf. Serve hor with parsley.

PARSLEY-POTATOES

One medium potato, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon

butter.

Scrub and peel potato, cut into ½in. cubes. Place in cold salted water (1 teaspoon salt to ½ pint water), bring slowly to the boil and simmer 8 to 10 minutes, or pressure cook 2 minutes. Drain, return to saucepan with butter and parsley and shake over low heat until potatoes are well coated with parsley and butter.

SHREDDED CABBAGE

One and a half cups finely shredded fresh cabbage, 1 dessert-spoon butter, 2 tablespoons water, sprinkling of salt and pepper.

Place cabbage in saucepan with butter and water and add a light sprinkling of salt. Cover and cook over low heat, shaking saucepan oc-casionally, for about 8 minutes or until water has evaporated. Add a sprinkling of pepper and serve im-mediately. Cabbage cooked this way is semi-crisp, has a delicious flavor, and there is no unpleasant odor while it is cooking.

CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW

Half pint milk, 1 tablespoon corn-flour, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 table-spoon sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla (or ½ packet chocolate dessert made according to directions), 2oz. marshmallows,

Blend cornflour and cocoa with half the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over heat until the mixture boils and thickens, simmer mixture bous and thickens, simmer 1 or 2 minutes, cool slightly, add butter, egg-yolk, and vanilla. When half cold fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, and when completely cold fold in chopped marshmallows. Chill, serve with a whole conked

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CALIFORNIA SANDWICH topped with lemon icing and decorated with whole prunes and walnut halves will make a popular addition to any afternoon-tea table. Filling may be omitted and both layers iced to make 2 cakes. See prize-winning recipe below.

A moist prune and nut cake with a delicious flavor wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest.

SE your own favorite filling to join the two layers of the prize-winning cake. Lemon flavor is good —it helps counteract the sweetness of the cake.

If both layers are to be iced,

The coconut walnut rum slice, a consolation prizewinner, will be as popular as it is easy to make.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CALIFORNIAN SANDWICH

Half pound prunes, ½ pint arm water, 4oz. walnuts, warm water, 4oz. walnuts, 3oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, lemon-butter filling, lemon icing.

Wash prunes, place in warm water, allow to stand 1 hour. Place over low heat, cook until soft. Drain off liquid, reserving for future use. Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs, beating well after each addition. Remove stones from proper ruhe. move stones from prunes, rub through a sieve, add to creamed mixture with chop-ped walnuts. Fold in sifted

tomato sauce.

until golden brown.

PAMILY

FISH croquettes make this week's family dish, which costs approximately 5/9. They

are made with smoked or tinned fish and are good served with green peas, potatoes, and

FISH CROQUETTES

FISH CROQUETTES

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped or grated onion, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons finely chopped celery, 1½lb. flaked cooked smoked fish, salt, pepper, flour, egg-glazing, dried breadcrumbs, fat for frying.

Melt butter or substitute, add flour, stir until smooth. Cook 2 minutes, add milk, stir until boiling. Add onion, breadcrumbs, celery, flaked fish, and seasonings. Allow to cool, then shape into croquettes with floured hands. Cost with egg-glazing, then dried breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat

then dried breadcrumbs. Deep-fry in fuming fat

flour and salt alternately with nour and sait aternately with reserved prune liquid. Fill into two well-greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moder-ate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand in tins a few Allow to stand in this a few minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, join layers with lemon-butter filling and ice with lemon icing. Decorate with stoned whole prunes and walnut halves.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Snell, 41 Henry St., Oak-leigh, Vic.

COCONUT WALNUT RUM SLICES

Four ounces butter, \(\frac{1}{4}\) cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup crushed plain biscuit crumbs, \(\frac{1}{4}\) cup chopped walnuts, \(\frac{1}{4}\) cup coconut, 2 teaspoons rum, 1 egg.

Place butter, sugar, and cocoa in a saucepan, add beaten egg and rum. Heat until butter is melted and ingredients well mixed. Remove

until butter is melted and ingredients well mixed Remove from heat and add biscuit crumbs, walnuts, and coconut. Mix all well together and press into lightly greased tin, allow to set in refrigerator, and cut into slices.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Johnson, Peters St., Narrandera, N.S.W.

Tony's luxury dish:

Pork chops Robert

"Pork is very popular either cold or hot," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club, "But it must always be fresh and well done. It can be roasted or grilled like other meats and served with its own gravy and apple sauce.

"HERE is one of my and guests. Ingredients as treasured recipes given below are sufficient which you'll find easy for six servings." enough to prepare and a delectable treat for family

Pork loin chops are best; be sure rind is cut at lin. intervals to prevent shrinkage.

PORK CHOPS ROBERT

Six chops (7oz. to 8oz. each), 1 medium chopped onion, 2 tablespoons butter, 14 tablespoons vinegar, 4 cup brown sauce, † cup tomato sauce, 4 sliced pickles, † tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper.

Place chopped onion in a saucepan with I tablespoon of the butter. Fry until golden brown. Add the vinegar, Add the vinegar, sauce, and tomato brown gamee.

Boil for 15 minutes. sliced pickles and parsley. Correct the seasoning with salt and pepper. Meanwhile, salt and pepper. Meanwhile, saute the six chops in one tablespoon of butter in a frying-pan and cook slowly until well done. Serve with hot sauce poured over them.



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Lavish 65-page recipe book shows how to chop hours off your food preparation time. It's crammed with scrumptious new ideas for everyday dishes, sauces, soups, tinkling drinks . . with special sections for baby foods, health drinks, invalid foods as a big feature!

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See these other Westinghouse Home Appliances at leading stores-



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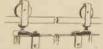
BANGOR IS SO EASY TO INSTALL, SO CONVENIENT - SO HANDSOME

MODERN CUPBOARDS NEED SLIDING DOORS ON NEW BANGOR CUPBOARD DOOR TRACK!

THESE ARE JUST THREE OF THE BANGOR TRACKS AVAILABLE



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Bangor Cupboard Track. This is an extremely small, extremely went track capable of carrying a door up to 20 lbs. It is obtain-able in 3. 4 and 5 lengths, com-plete with all screws, etc., for erection. For intermediate sizes, cut with a hacksaw.

How much more convenient cuphoards are when their doors You don't have to step slide. round the open door to take things out of them, you don't bump your head on open overhead doors.

In fact, how much more convenient and space saving it would be if every door in your home slid. Bemember, every ordinary swinging door takes 9 square feet of living space.

If you're building or planning to build - plan to have the convenience of sliding doors in

your new home. But it's quite easy to convert your old home using your existing doors.

Just be sure you tell your archibuilder or hardware store that it's Bangor track you want. Then you'll be sure that no matter what style or size of door you want to slide there will be a track to carry it. Only Bangor offers you a complete range of overhead door tracks—and only an overhead track gives you a doorway that is clear from side to side. Nothing to catch dust or stop you using wall-to-wall

((**(()**))

SLIDING DOOR TRACK

A product of the Metalbilt Division of Wormald Brothers Industries





A practical suggestion for renovating sea-grass chairs wins the £3/3/- cash prize in our homemakers' weekly contest.

THE winning entry was sent in by Mrs. E. M. Reichel, "Koobah South," Nundle, via Tamworth, NSW

"I had two sea-grass chairs "I had two sea-grass chairs of nice design, but very much the worse for wear," writes Mrs. Reichel. "The sea-grass was broken, rotten, and discolored, but the cane framework of both chairs was in quite good condition.

"To renovate them I stripped off the sea-grass and wove new seats, backs, and fronts in basket design with colored upholstery webbing. I brightened the cane of the webbing.

arms and legs by binding them with colored raffia. Durable plastic string or the new plastic ribbon in bright colors could also be used.

"The result was two additional good chairs that make a nice setting with a mottled cane settee, chair, and table that I have."

that I have."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is given to the reader who sends in details of the most interesting and useful new article that has been made.

new article that has been made from something old. Address your entry for the contest to The Editor, Home-maker Department, The Aus-tralian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

Few families escape the epidemics of infectious fevers common to childhood, although most chil-dren, especially those who were breast-fed babies, have a certain natural immunity to disease which is a partial protection.

MODERN scientific re- can be controlled by im-search has led to the munisation. search has led to the development of certain vaccines and serums which when injected into the blood-stream render harmless the poisons formed within the body by the action of some disease

Health authorities say that diphtheria would be com-pletely stamped out if every child were immunised before

the age of one year. Whooping cough is other dangerous disease which

The signs and symptoms of the infectious fevers of child-hood, and the nursing treatment for them, are contained in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby."

The book is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly *Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney, and from bookshops in the capital cities. Price 12/6, plus postage 9d. (registered mail 1/6).

Note: Names and addresses should be printed in block let-

THE Australian Women's Weerly - April 20, 1955



ABOVE: Remove shank bone, tuck ragged flesh into cavity to make the "nat." If the "nut" is removed before cooking, joint will shrink.

RIGHT: Excess fat is trimmed off and set aside to be cooked with joint. Tail is sliced down and broken off at chump-chop base.





take out hip bone by cutting may surrounding flesh. This simplifies carving and saves cooking time.

amous chef cooks typical ustralian dinner



joint on a sliced and currot to make a flavored gravy. After sing meat with salt, well every 20 minutes.



TO CARVE, slice off "nut." trasping knuckle bone firmly with a paper napkin, and cut in thick slices against the grain and towards the bone.



SLICED LAMB ready for the while. Roast potatoes, peas, and rich gravy made without flour are served with it.

This classical three-course Australian meal was prepared for The Australian Women's Weekly by Michael Friel, Catering Manager at the Standard-Vacuum Refining Company's £20,000,000 plant at Altona, Victoria, recently opened by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies,

MASTER of the art A of creating dishes to set before kings, Mr. Friel learned his profession working in the kitchens of famous hotels, including the Dorchester, the Savoy, and Claridges, London.

Here, he skilfully illustrates the secrets of the meal, which begins with grapefruit, fol-lowed by roast leg of lamb and an apple charlotte dessert.

Mr. Friel's method of deal-Mr. Friel's method of deal-ing with the lamb from the time it arrives from the butcher until it is presented at the banquet will stimulate Australians to serve their national dish with pride.

Mint sauce made from tender young mint picked in spring and bottled with one cup of sugar to a bunch of finely chopped mint gives final fillip to the main course.

Two teaspoons of bottled sugar and mint added to § cup of vinegar make mint sauce in a twinkling.

Sugared spring mint will keep indefinitely in a screwtop jar in a cool place.

Mr. Friel chose the apple charlotte for the dessert because he considers Australian apples are the best in the

The following details about the preparation of the grape-fruit, the lamb, the vegetables, and the delicious sweet will make it easy to produce this delectable meal in your own

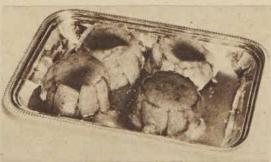
GRAPEFRUIT: dividing white skin between segments, free fruit from pith in centre and round sides. Sprinkle with sugar, leave overnight, Top with a mara-ding charge of a cherry schino cherry, or a cherry soaked in brandy, which may also be poured over the grape-

Step-by-step illustrations of the method of preparing and cooking the roast leg of lamb, which in this case weighs 5lb., make the success of the fin-ished dish a foregone conclu-

sion.

Here are a few pointers suggested by the chef:

- Prepare meat on a wooden board so that the joint can be firmly handled.
- · Use a sharp-pointed knife to remove shank and hip
- · Place meat unsalted in a dry baking-dish with the bones and cover with any fat trimmings from the meat.
- · Sprinkle salt over the meat after it has been cooking for 20 minutes, then cook a further 80 minutes, basting every



MASKED with delicious hot apricot sauce, the individual servings of moulded apple charlotte are shown here ready for the table. Whipped cream may be served in place of apricot sauce, and the apple puree flavored with cinnamon.

set on a larger tray to capture escaping juices to use in the

ROAST POTATOES: Peel otatoes of uniform size and place in a saucepan of cold salted water. When the joint place in a saucepan of cold salted water. When the joint has cooked for 45 minutes, bring the potatoes in saucepan to quick boil and strain dry.

Drain half the fat from the dish in which the joint is roasting into a smaller dish, and, when smoking hot, add the potatoes and bake for 45 minutes until deep golden-brown. This method assures against greasy-tasting potatoes.

TO MAKE GRAVY: After the joint is removed from the baking-dish, pour off all fat and add a tablespoon of water or stock per person and extra tablespoon for evapora tion. Boil with the bones and trimmings cooked with the joint until the gravy is rich brown. Strain and serve.

APPLE CHARLOTTE: To serve four persons, peel, core, and quarter four apples. Cook gently until tender in a tight-lidded saucepan with a tablespoon of water and four table-spoons of sugar. Mash, adding a tablespoon of butter and the finely grated rind of a lemon.

Slices of sandwich bread a quarter-inch thick are cut into one-inch-wide strips to the depth of small moulds. With a fluted biscuit-cutter the same size as the top and bottom of the moulds, cut eight fancy edged circles of bread.

Melt three tablespoons of butter and drain off oil, leav-ing salty residue in dish. Lightly dip rounds and slices of bread in the butter-oil.

Line the moulds, allowing the strips of bread lining the sides to overlap.

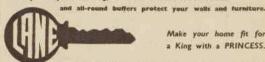
Fill with apple puree, top ith circles of bread. Stand moulds in baking-dish contain-ing lin. of water and cook in hot oven for 30 minutes.

TO MAKE SAUCE: Blend 2 tablespoons of apricot jam with a tablespoon of sugar, 2 tablespoons of water, and a dash of liqueur or sherry in a saucepan over low heat until near boiling-point.

If cream is served instead of apricot sauce, the apple puree should be flavored with cinnamon.



because the AUTOMATIC self-adjusting, high-quality brushes pick up cottons, crumbs and even sund. You have a choice of 6 MODERN COLOURS to match your kitchen, and the EASY EMPTYING snap out snap in dustpan simplifies cleaning, while the RUBBER TIPPED handle

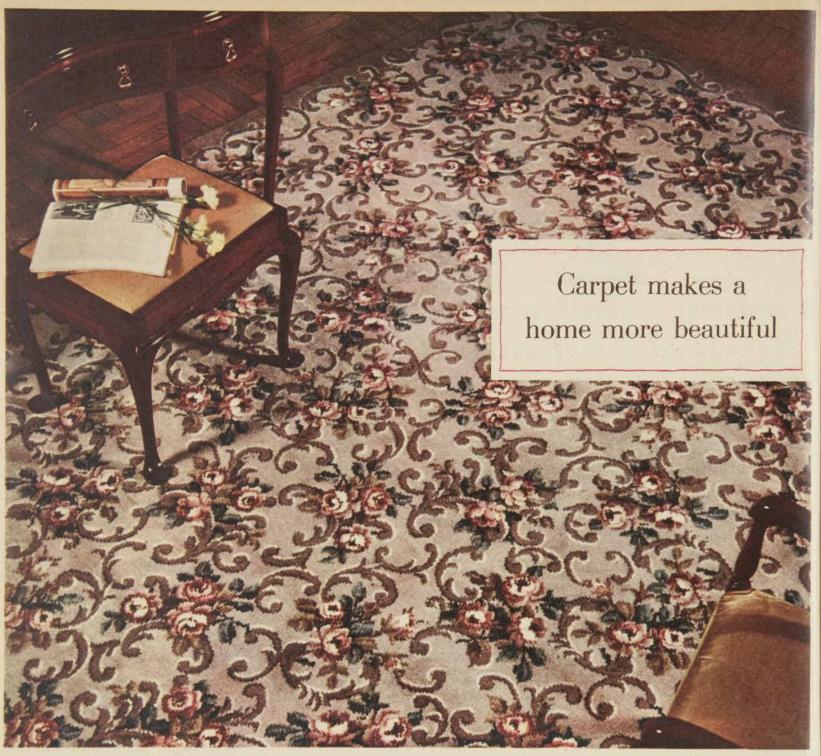


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Carpet squares are the big new fashion overseas for bedrooms, dining and living rooms.

Are you thinking of re-carpeting your home Are you tanking of re-carpeting your nome throughout, or replacing a few of your worn floor coverings? Give it plenty of thought. Choice of carpets is important—they'll be with you for many, many years. Give thought to the new overseas trend of using carpet squares instead of all-over carpet. It can pay you in convenience and economy as well as in style.

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easier to move a carpet square with you than it is to try and fit laid carpets into new rooms.

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And if there's lots of traffic on the carpet itself, you can turn a carpet square to distribute wear.

In modern homes where the living room and dining room are both part of one big area, then carpet squares, set off by polished boards, define the two different sections.

And for economy—to carpet a 15 x 12 room wall-to-wall takes twice as much carpet as a 12 x

9 carpet square. B.A.C.M. make both Durban Squares—12 x 9 carpets-in soft colourings right here in Australia. Leading furniture houses and stores will be glad to show you the range of designs. "Durban" Axminster Carpet Square, 11/4001



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Page 70

velveteen slacks and a tight black jersey, little black slipark jersey, little olacs sup-iss and some lipstick. That is all. Ordinarily, Nick ob-ced to women in pants, but her they looked great. On the remembered, anything ked great. To any man.

"Come into the kitchen. feeding the child." She med. "I'm a cook now, Peanut-butter sandwiches grambled eggs a specialty, should taste them."

There was a drink waiting him, and Jeep sitting and the kitchen table.

Hello," Jeep said.
This is Nick," Maggie told
"And you go right back
l wash your face again."
I did it," Jeep said. He
ked at Nick carefully. "My

Yes, I know how you wash. With the towel. Go ahead now,

no supper."
I'm not hungry, anyway."
p said it good-naturedly,
ped out and stuck his head is through the door. "Hey,
grie, Nick's pretty big, eh?"
He used to be a full-back,"
seie xaid. "Jeep! Your
Ears, too."
O.K., O.K.," he capitulated
citly.

"Nice kid," Nick observed conversationally. "Also I have just been struck by a hot flash. I mean, my dropping in like this. It occurs to me that it might be somewhat annoying."

"Balderdash, Nick, and you know it." Her eyes were direct and oval and very bright. "You

know it." Her eyes were direct and oval and very bright. "You came because you wanted to and I'm glad you did, Let's be that honest." After this outbard the grinned suddenly. "Get the picture, son?"

"Got it." He watched her as the smiled. She had a lovely mouth. There was only one trouble. Once you'd kissed it you might as well shoot yourself. Because you'd never find another quite. like it. Nick knew. He'd kissed it. He aghed. "I can't imagine why, but you make me nervous, Maggir, dear."

"And you, Mr. Veltry, have a very sky face which doesn't fool me a bit." She flushed direttly, reading his thoughts.

"You're about as nervous,"

Continuing . . .

she said, "as Ben Hogan on the practice tee. But if there's anything else on your below-average mind, let's have it. Only I hope there isn't."

"I hear you're getting a divorce," Nick said.

"That's right. I'm glad you mentioned it. I have to see my lawyer tomorrow and get the ball rolling."
"Kind of sudden, isn't it, after doing nothing about it for almost four years?"
"My havin works gloud. I'm."

"My brain works slowly. I'm not the bright thing I'm sup-posed to be. But I finally de-cided he wasn't worth a dime."

cided he wasn't worth a unic-Don't you agree?"
"How would I know?" Nick said. "What then?"
"Well, I make a good living. I'm going to Hayward Morton's place in Biarritz for the sum-mer. He sponsors the pro-gramme. He wants to marry

me."
"I can see his point." The ice rattled in Nick's empty glass. "Just one other thing. I've been thinking it ever since I walked in the door. You're more heautiful than ever."

Her answer was perfectly.

Her answer was perfectly serious. "Do you still mind, Nick?" she said.

A nice little girl named Stella came in to look after Jeep, and Maggie changed and they taxted downtown. The show was a one-hour television condensation of a Broadway hit play of the 1930s.

Maggie had never certily bear.

Maggic had never really been able to act. She didn't have to, Nature had simply given her Nature had simply given her that something—the essence, personified, of every man's fool-ish dream; his dream of pure love and his dream of the wan-

She had it and she knew how one had it and the knew how to project it; across the foot-lights or into the camera. The audience loved her. So did Nick, but in the way one is sad for something glimpsed and

gone.

Afterwards he sat in the bar next door, and he could have been crying in his beer, because he had one. Maggic walked in, accompanied by a lean, distinguished character who wore

Are Dangerous Divorcees

his middle years lightly; also a fine sun-lamp tan and a suit that had set him back no small sum. Hayward Morton. Big money, good breeding. For all Nick knew, he might even have been a nice guy.

been a nice guy.

Maggie said breezily. "Hay-ward, this is Nick. And vice

Morton had a muscular hand-shake. Polo, Squash rackets. Nick returned the squeeze. Football.

"Nice to meet you, Nick," Morton lied. "Old friends drop in at the most opportune mo-ments. Maggie's told you about us. We rather hoped for your

us. We rather hoped for your blessing."
Nick said "Yeah," and repressed a fleeting impulse to muss up his features.
Morton glanced at him briefly, then presented a good view of his back as he pressed Maggie's arm. "You were wonderful tonight, darling, Stinger? What for you, Nick?"
Maggie refused a drink, Nick finished his beer while Morton drank two fingers of Scotch. Then they were outside waiting for a cab. They were all going to a party, it seemed, celebrating the last broadcast of the season. Maggie and Hayward were leaving for Biarritz a week from that day.

A taxi drew up; the others got in and Nick hesitated with his hand on the door. This

from page 3

seemed like it, the perfect exit for good old Veltry. Always leave 'em laughing. Maggie leaned forward to speak, and he said quickly, "I think not—for me. But, thanks. Have 'un."

Have fun."

He slammed the door, turned away, and heard the car start. He couldn't resist looking back. Maggic's face was a receding blur in the window.

He walked home in the rain. At the hotel he collided with Quigley, steaming out of the bar. The intrepid-birdman was in his element. Foreyward. in his element. Foggy-cyed, but still upright, he had an equally well-primed blonde in

"Comrade!" he beamed.
"Meet Gloria. Honey, this is
my belowed plane commander,
Captain Tabby, of the Space
Patrol."

Patrol."
Gloria giggled. "You fliers,"
the coold. "You're all so

"Come on." Quigley said, "we're going up on the roof. You can dance with Gloria,

Woolcott Forbes' life story

A BOUT 40 years ago St. Luke's Church of Eng-land, Adelaide, had a remarkable boy soprano as a member of its choir.

The boy, Louis Brandi, had such talent that people who heard him persuaded him that he had a career before him as a professional singer, and by the time he was 18 he had saved £500 to have

by the time he was 18 he had saved £500 to have his voice trained.

At the age of 28 Brandi changed his name to John Woolcott Forbes and became one of Australia's most spectacular financiers. In less than 10 years he had made £250,000.

Forbes, now bankrupt and living quietly in Sydney, has written a frank, revealing story of his amazing rise and fall.

His story will appear exclusively in A.M., the Australian Magazine. The first instalment is in the issue of April 19,

"Td love to "
"Me, too," Gloria said.
"But I have a previous engagement." Nick added regretfully, "to try a couple of nightmares on for size."

He didn't have much luck,

even with nightmares. He lay in bed and stared at the ceiling in bed and stared at the ceiling.
All the women in the world,
and who did he fall for but
Maggie McCord? He and a
couple of million other guys.

ouple of million other guys.

Of course, he'd sat next to her in Psychology One, and held her hand at the senior prom. Those other characters would never get closer than their television screens.

He tossed restlessly. Find yourself a nice, plain girl, he thought. One with a nose that's a little too big, whose hair doesn't shine with a light all its own. He'd tried that, too. The telephone rang. "Hallo," Maggie said.
"What on earth—"he began.
"What about you taking me and Jeep to the ball game tomorrow? The Yanks are in town."

town,"
"I thought you went to that

party.
"I did. Then I came home.
Why didn't you?"
"I was afraid I couldn't
think of anything to say."

"A good point. I seem to be having a little trouble that way myself, lately." She hesi-tated. "See you tomorrow." "Yes," Nick mumbled.

Bobby Shantz beat the Yankees in fourteen innings, 2-1. It was a nice sunny day. They sat in the bleachers and no one asked Maggie for her autograph. Jeep had fun too. He ate one hot dog and three dozen peanuts, drank three bottles of lemonade, and stopped asking questions at the end of the seventh innings only because he'd fallen asieep.

"Wow," Maggie said. "Peace is declared."
She was wearing a sweater

She was wearing a sweater and skirt, and she looked seven-teen instead of twenty-seven. She gave Nick an oblique

"Have you got a special girl in San Francisco?"
"No, Quigley wouldn't ap-prove. We flyboys play the

"It's selfish of me, but you ow, I'm giad. I've got a

funny sort of proprietary feel-ing. Nick, as if you've always ing. Nick, as if you've always been mine, no matter what."

Nick's heart flew, then flop-ped back into place. He took a deep breath.

"Have fun with your lawyer this morning?" he asked. "Who has fun with lawyers,"

"Who has full with Maggic wanted to know. "But you're going to marry Morton, aren't you?" "I guess so," she answered

"I guess to, she answered quietly,
"Tve been wrong before,"
Nick admitted, "but I'll give
you a clue. He isn't your type."
"He thinks he is." Maggie
gave him an appraising glance.
"Maybe I'd better tell you,
Nicky, what type I am. I was
pretty unhappy finding it out,
but now I feel good. I'm not
particularly bright and I
haven't got much talent and
I'm not always going to look
like this. What I want is three
more children and a husband
who comes home at night—
and to sit in the sun sometimes and to sit in the sun sometimes and belong to the local golf club. In other words. I finally discovered something very sim-ple. I'm just like any other

Her face was turned up to his, a very serious, beautiful

"I wish you were," he said "I wish you were." he said. When he got back to his room he found a note pinned to his pillow. Quigley had taken an option, it seemed, on the supper club on the roof of the hotel. Reservations for four had been secured at great cost; a command performance, including Nick and his mysterious piecon.

channel periodical relations piecon.

Nick took a brisk shower and then gave Maggie the word.

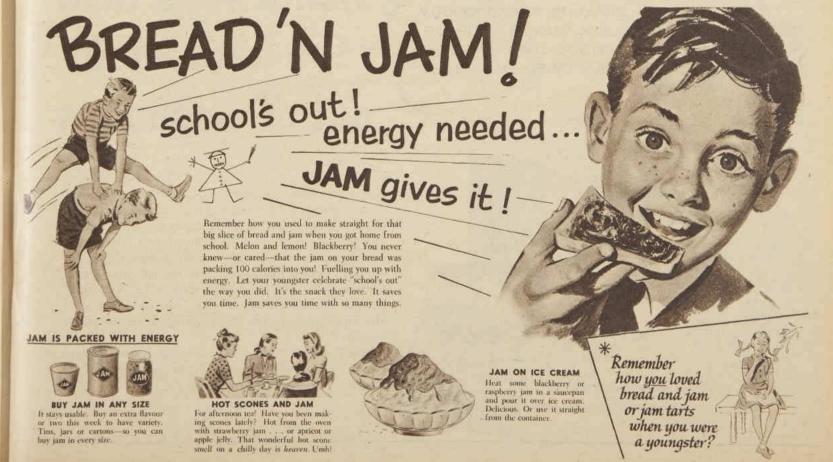
"Want to have dinner up here?"

"Wouldn't miss it for the world," she vowed. "But, of course. I'll be fascinated."

So was Quigley. He was with a redhead this time. Younger than Gloria, but equally well endowed, this package, too, came wrapped in a triumph of dressmaking.

Quigley had a nice eye for a girl, but when Maggie appeared the eye quickly wandered.

To page 74





I HONESTLY
DON'T KNOW HOW THEY
MANAGED A BIG WASH
WHEN MOTHER WAS A GIRL.
TODAY-WITH THOSE THICKER,
RICHER RINSO SUDS IT'S
EASY AS A.B.C. AND
CLOTHES ARE BRIGHTER
THAN BRAND-NEW.

Rinso's thicker

CLD-TIME SOAP
SHAKERS AREN'T NEARLY
QUICK ENOUGH FOR US.
RINSO'S LONG-LASTING
SUDS DISSOLVE GREASE
FAST!

RINSO'S thicker
richer suds take
the hard work
Out of washdays

Six small people at school and play! Think for a moment what it means come washdays . . . a dozen little print dresses . . . coloured shirts . . . sturdy shorts . . . at least three dozen socks . . . underwear! That's how it goes for Mrs. Schembri, with her eldest aged 11 and the youngest only three. "And don't forget sheets and towels and my husband's overalls," she says. Does it trouble her? Not one bit. Into Rinso's billowing thick, rich suds go all the dirty clothes. Out on the line—so quickly—all shining white, dazzling bright. And Mrs. Schembri's hands stay soft and smooth as her own blonde daughter's.

Like 7 out of every 10 Australian housewives, this capable, modern home-maker has proved that Rinso is best for everything—whites, coloureds, dishes.



Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers of all leading washing machines



BLUEBELLS growing in partial shade under trees. Even in small gardens good effects may be obtained by using them as ground cover. They grove well in any soil and need very little attention, multiplying rapidly. Snowdrops and some daffodils also do well.

Don't be a slave to the lawnmower

Lawn-mowing, edge-cutting, and digging take up most of the gardener's time, but all three can be reduced considerably.

SOME lawn is essential den, as the plants all form a to most gardens but low, close mat. to most gardens but the area can be reduced and the effect often enhanced if the grass is replaced with a ground cover of low-growing or creeping plants.

Plants chosen should grow only a few inches above the soil surface and spread quickly without much help, discourag-ing or preventing weed growth, and, of course, be hardy types, cheap, and easy to propagate.

Perennials are the best

Following is a list of some of the plants which fulfil these requirements:

SNOW IN SUMMER. -Silvery-grey leaves with great quantities of white flowers so numerous that they suggest a snowdrift. The plant thrives in any soil, and in sun or partial shade.

AJUGA reptans. — Tiny heads of blue flowers in summer, with leaves a bronze-purple. The plant forms a small clump which spreads rapidly by runners like strawberry runners. It will grow in full sunlight or partial

HERNIARIA glabra. good ground cover in rocky soil or among rocky outcrops. It grows only about 2in, high and forms a dense mat of small dark green leaves.

ASPERULA odorata (Sweet Woodruff) —Leaves in whorls and a head of tiny, sweetly scented white flowers. It grows too tall for ground cover in shady places, but in the open

DIANTHUS deltoides Pride of Rockmore).—A gay cover—a pink with a creep-ing habit. The small crimson flowers with a darker eye are attractive among the dark

THYMUS serpyllum and any of its strains can be used to make a thyme lawn, which an acquisition in any gar-

They like a gritty surface to creep on, rooting in it readily and spreading rapidly. A top-dressing of coarse sand is sufficient to establish the condition if it is absent in the natural soil.

THYMUS serpyllum has bright pink flowers in early summer. Height, 3in.

THYMUS serpyllum coccineus.-Tiny crimson flowers. THYMUS serpyllum lanu-mosus.—Soft, woolly, silvery-



CUELDER ROSE in bloom. The shrubs are covered with white flowers in the spring.

grey foliage and creeping stems which grow very

IN bush gardens where there are big trees around which the ground is bare, ground

GARDENING

cover solves the problem. Particularly useful are the hardy periwinkles, Vinca major and V. minor, or the shiny - leaved Pachysandra, which, however, needs a little care in the preparation of the initial planting spots.

Spring-flowering bulbs give a magnificent seasonal show planted under deciduous trees.

Bluebells, hardy daffodils such as campanelles, snow-drops, and freezias are all suit-able. This is ground cover at its most glamorous, but weeds have to be kept down by the gardener.

Ground cover is an ideal way to treat an earth bank. For this purpose certain prostrate shrubs are excellent.

COTONEASTER horizontalis, which has flat, fan-like branches and red berries in autumn, is an example.

JUNIPERUS sabina, a lowgrowing, dense evergreen be-longing to the juniper family, is also good, especially in the highlands.

BY edging lawn areas with strips of heavy metal or wood, edge cutting can be al-most eliminated. The strips, about 5in. wide, should be driven down on the garden side of the edges and as close as possible to them, flush with

Another method is to edge the lawns with a narrow band of sandstone, slate, or cement about 9in, wide and laid flush with the soil level, so that it can be moved over.

The gardener can help himself, too, by relying on per-ennials, which remain undisturbed for several years in many cases, and on trees and shrubs, which need little atten-tion during their whole lives.

Annuals, although more spectacular, mean constant hard work and plenty of it.

mixed shrubbery border is the most labor-saving of all. Hardy evergreens suitable for such a border are Azalea, Abelia, Crataegus, Buddleia, Cotoneaster, Bottle-brush, Es-callonia, Eupatorium, Hydran-gea, Photinia, and Veronica

Among the easily grown deciduous plants are maples, flowering cherries and plums, Berberis, Weigela, Japonica, Broom, Guelder Rose, Philadelphus.

There are many others equally hardy.



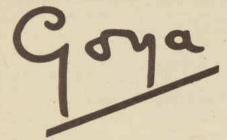




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- Easy to put on easy to walk in

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Continuing

They had dinner in front of big plate-glass window overooking the park. Then they lanced. That is, Maggie and Nick's co-pilot danced. She

Nick's co-pilot danced. She gave him the routine, always a thing of beauty to behold. Big round eyes, girlish laughter, and the graceful body that could do no wrong. On this blanket-sized New York dance floor, Nick observed sadly, they

cut a sensational rug together.

He did his best for Darlene,
the redhead, but his heart
wasn't in it. In the midst of
a rhumba, which he thought was
a foxtrot, Darlene ran up the

a lostrot, Darlene ran up the white flag.

"Let's face it. My feet hurt."
They sat down, "What I need," she said, peering at Quigley's whirling back, "is a drink. Several drinks. I'm not doing

Several drinks. I'm not doing so good,"
"Don't let it get you down," Nick consoled her. "The competition's expensive."
"Maggie." Darlene mused. "Oh, no! Why didn't someone tell me? Maggie McCord!"
"In the flesh," Nick agreed

gloomily.

"Gee," Darlene said, "what am I doing here?"

am I doing here?"

She was a nice kid. Nick patted her hand. "If anyone asks, you're with me. Act interested while I tell you the story of Quigley's misspent life."

It was a memorable evening. One dance led rapidly to another. At last the two men stood at the bar while the girls

got their wraps.

"Nick," Quigley
weightily, "I have always mired you. I have watched you at work with both awe and amazement. But this time you have fairly outdone yourself."

"You like Maggie?"
"For once," Quigley said,
"words fail me, captain."

"words fail me, captain."

"The magic hour of midnight," the lady in question
declared, reappearing with her
cloak thrown over her shoulders, "has struck."

"True," Quigley agreed.
"Let's leave this poor place and
dig the town."

"A loyely idea," Maggie said,
"but Nick and I have to go,
don't we, Nicky, dear?"

"Good night," Darlene said.
"Wait!" Onigley cried. "It's

"Good night," Darlene said.
"Wait!" Quielev cried. "It's
too early. Besides, there's
another dance step you've got
to try"
"Bless you for the thought,
although my old bones are
creaking." Maggie shook his
hand warmly. "Good night,
Quigley, old man. You're my
kind of boy."
Waiting for the elevator,
Maggie asked, "Where do you
live?"

"San Francisco." Nick admitted. "You wouldn't like it."
"No, I mean here."
"Twenty-seven something.
Fifty-two, I think."

They got into the elevator. "Twenty-seventh floor, driver." Maggie instructed, "And don't spare the air brakes."

spare the air brakes."

Nick thought of objecting, but the words didn't come. They walked down the hall, feet sinking deep into the expensive carpeting. Maggie was quiet, all the exuberance gone. Nick fitted his key into the lock, and tried hard to sound cheerful. "I bite. What's the punch line?"

"Ouigley was cute."

"Quigley was cute."
"I know. But what's with

"I have to powder my nose."
"You just did."
"Well—I want to say goodhve. I can't just let you go."
Nick left the door open.
Maggie went back and closed
it. They stood by the window,
looking down. She slipped her
hand into his silently, as only
she could, with a little girl's
evesture. gesture.

He stared out over the de-scrted park, feeling a strange ache where his heart might

Are Dangerous Divorcees

have been, feeling lonelier than if he had been alone.

"This is a nice routine," he said, driven, defensively, to bitterness. "A very pleasant goodbye. Do you practise it

She refused to be stung. "Just

with you."

She said the words very softly, and lifted her face. It was a long, hungry kiss after hungry time. It was a long, hungry time. It was like nothing that Nick had ever done before, except to kiss

Maggie.

It was also a mistake, because she clung to him, whispering, "Oh, Nick . . . Nick . . . you're so big and you feel so good. You know what?" She faced him resolutely, but her lips trembled. "I think you love me," she said.

Of course, he thought, as Of course, he thought, as the old, unreasoning anger welled up. Who doesn't? Even old Play-the-Field Quigley was hooked. Yes, he loved her. So did everyone else. "If I do," he inquired, mus-tering calmness, "whose busi-ness is that but mine?" "Mine," Maggie said. "That's the trouble: it's your

"Mine," Maggie said.

"That's the trouble: it's your business. That's what's so hard to take. I'm a funny guy, Maggie. I hate to fall flat on my face in a crowd."

"You're afraid to, you mean. Oh, Nick, I've grown up; give me a chance. I can't help how I look."

"You can help what you say. But maybe it's become a habit with you. You don't say, 'I love you.' You say, 'You love me, Nick.'"

She said it dutifully, with a grave little smile. "I love you, Nick. O.K.?"

The words shocked him

The words shocked him more than anything else, and the foolish, long-dwelling anger broke through.

anger broke through.

"When?" he demanded viciously. "Tonight, because you feel sentimental for old times' sake? After a summer at Biarritz? After you and Morton get tired of it all? No, I've seen the line form on the right before."

"Ah," she cried. "Stop it, You win."

She hugged herself, shiver-ing, and stood there a minute. Then she opened the door. She held out her hand and Nick took it numbly.

"Goodbye, Nicky," she said.

It was a long ride, dead-heading home to San Fran-cisco. Quigley was bright, but not amusing. "When you transferring to New York?" he asked Nick with action

New York?" he asked Nick with a grin.
"I'm not."
"You got a lot of resistance, then, captain. They don't grow many like Maggie."
"Sure they do," Nick told him sourly. "Under wet rocks."

They had a few days at

rocks."

They had a few days at home, then took off on a Honolulu shuttle. Nick was low in his mind. Even flying seemed to have lost its charm. Maggie's words kept coming back, and the echoes made more and more sense each time.

I've got a funny feeling, live got a tunny feeling, Nick, as if you've always been mine; give me a chance. He'd given her a chance. Like a pound of hamburger would given her a chance. Like a pound of hamburger would have with a pack of wolves. "I want to sit in the sun," she'd said, "and have three more children." Well, Hayward Morton would take care of that.

of that.

He shrugged, trying to shut the words out. Tough Nick, the lad with the homogenised heart. Guaranteed not to curdle. You'll live, he remembered. Keep smiling, boy. You've been through this before.

fore. The climate is lovely in Honolulu. They had a 24-

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hour turn-around and Quigley, never at a loss for amusement, rallied the forces for a fish-fry on the beach. After the last bone had been picked Nick wandered down the strand away from the fire.

A girl stood by the sea-wall, staring pensively over the moonlit waves. It was their stewardess; like every other cute dish on the airline, a special friend of Quigley's.

a special friend of Quigley's.

Not, come to think of it,
that she was exactly Quig's
type. Certainly, she couldn't
play ball in the same league
with Darlene or Gloria. A
fresh-faced girl, a little thick
in the ankles and unexciting
above, Nick thought of her,
when he did, as someone's kid
sister.

He said, "Hallo."

said, "Hallo."

He said, "Hallo,"
"Hello." She glanced at
him and turned quickly away.
"Nice view."
There had been tears in her
eyes. "Go away, Nick," she

said.
"All right" He put his arm around her waist and gave it a friendly squeeze. "As soon as you straighten up and start

as you straighten up and start flying right, junior."

"Having fun, kids?" asked Quigley in a nasty voice. He'd come up behind them.

"Why don't you run along, Jeanie?" Nick suggested.
"Seems like this man would like to talk."

Seems the this man would like to talk."

She gave Quigley one look and walked off down the beach.

"I ought to clobber you, captain." Quigley choked.

Although Nick had four inches and forty pounds on him. Quigley stood there like a little fighting cock, ready for battle. Then, suddenly, all the resolution went out of him; his shoulders sagged and he looked small and very young.

"Oh, well," he muttered, what's the use?"

"Could it be," Nick asked. "Could it be," Nick asked,
"that somewhere in that tiny
brain of yours dwells the
thought I was making a pass
at your girl?"
"You," Quigley sulked, "and

at your girl?"
"You," Quigley sulked, "and
everyone else around here."
Nick stared at him, openmouthed, as a great light began feebly to dawn, "Wait a
minute," he gasped. "You mean
you and Jeanie..."

"Yes," Quigley said, "the old playboy himself. So I fall for a girl who's in the business of serving hot coffee and charm. Watching the wolves drool, I get a very strong impulse to clobber them all."

The words sounded almost weirdly familiar. Nick had said them to himself a hundred times, reacting to Maggic and

times, reacting to Maggie and other men. But maybe it hadn't been Maggie, maybe he'd been as wrong as Quigley was now. "Keep talking," he urged. "What's there to say? Certain girls have it, that's all. Sometimes I don't even blame Jean. She can't help it if she's naturally or mayber. a natural-born mantrap. it's driving me nuts." Oh, no, Nick thought.

Oh, no, Niex thought, Nor that nice, plain little girl who would probably cut off her right arm for this lame brain. He felt like laughing, slightly hysterically.

controlling himself, he Controlling himself, he Controlling himself, he grasped Quigley's hand. "This is the straight dope, Quig. You're nuts, all right, and so was I until just now. So take my advice Go find the girl and ask her to marry you. If you don't, I'll do it myself."

you don't, I'll do it myself."

He must have walked half-way to Diamond Head. It had taken a long time to get the word, but it was coming through to Nick now, five by five. The way Quigley felt about Jean, the way he felt about Maggie — that was the way

every man felt about one par-ticular girl. The fact that Jeanie didn't stop traffic wher she crossed a street—but Quis-ley was probably convinced that she did.

she did.

He walked back to the hotel three feet off the ground. The cable office was closed; he had to phone it in. He addressed it to Mrs. Nicholas Veltry at that apartment in the East Seventies. City of New York. The place for which he'd insisted on paying the rent the past three Writing the message was there were too many things say. He finally settled for hi words: "I love you, Magn

Nick."

As often occurs, the dawn brought sanity. Nick found it depressing. There were a few small items he had overlooked. Like the fact that Maggie had probably left for France before the cable was sent. Like the sound, come morning, of what he had said. "I love you, Maggie." So what? That was hardly news. He'd finally realised the score He'd finally realised the score just a little too late.

The conviction grew as the long bours of the flight back to San Francisco crept by They landed at evening, and Nick drove to his apartment on Telegraph Hill The place Telegraph Hill The place seemed small and bare and unhappy. Even the view of the bay failed to inspire. He rang the airport, There was space available going east in an hour

It was a crazy thing to do a completely unreasonable thing. So he'd go back to New York and walk up a street and look through the window of an empty apartment. Then he'd go out and get drunk and fly home again. But anything was better than sitting around here.

It was the middle of the afternoon, a hot day, when the plane touched down at La the plane touched down at La Guardia. Nick took a taxi into town and got out at the corner opposite the park. He walked down the street, and it was worse than he'd thought. He was tired, an alien traveller—and he came to the door.

It stood open. Most of the furniture was covered with sheets, and half-filled packing cases stood on the floor. He walked through the living room into the garden.

It was empty. The grass needed cutting. Nick saidown on the deck-chair and stared at his shoes. The trip he realised wearily, had been worth it in one way. Because now there would never be an doubt in his mind. This was the read of th it; the end of the road fo Maggie and him. "You need a shave, Nicky.

He jumped like a kid caught stealing melons. A long-legged girl stood in the doorway wearing a white sun-frock which made her too

Nick stared at her dumbly, and all of a sudden he could feel himself growing until he stood about eight feet tall.

He said, "But I thought you had left for—"
"You talk too much," Maggic interrupted

You talk too much, Mag-gic interrupted.

He took two long strides towards her, and a small whirlwind streaked out of the house and started climbing up

on him.
"Hi, Nick!" Jeep shouted
Nick kissed his son's dirty
cheek gingerly. Then he kissed
the boy's mother. And that
was much better, in a differ-

ent way. Maggie McCord, his beau Maggie McCord, his beau-tiful wife, took a deep breath and looked at her men. Then she grinned at Nick slyly. "Get the picture now, son?"

she said.

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the smoke of cigarettes, talked business with the able rudeness of two old ds who have outlived the smoke of cigarette

sity for stepping gently each other. vell, have you made up mind to be sensible, and

No, not yet."

"No, not yet."
"All right, we won't argue bout it today. But it seems sily not to make the most of our journey now you're here. ou've never been better than ou were last night."
It must be true, for Creed ever flattered anyone; and there music was concerned, and here music was concerned,

music was concerned, e said was the law and

prophets.

The and Eduard rang up tool. I took it because you still asleep, and we didn't to wake you. He can't and play with your little his mother's apparhaving one of her imate antrums again, and he to rush back to Vienna te morning train. He was ting apologies like a sim. One would have the was the only perble young fellow in these twho would you like me all up in his place?" up in his place?"

She detached from her letters She detached from her letters on more than a passing thought, are a shed leaf, to follow diam'd home to his mother's indicas bedside, and said, before he realised what name would neutably come first to her lips: "Call Mark and ask him to

soon as it was said she ed it back. Yet she could taken it back, without in-ning even the raising of one ced's thick, black eyebrows, she did not. Never go

There's always a reason, newhere far back in the mind, wilful utterance like that; revoke it until you know you said it in the first I wish I hadn't started thought, trying to com-the panic and pain within heart for fear it should into speech. But she could stopped it, then and there, somehow she knew that she

as not going to. Creed moved to the telephone

Continuing

at the other end of the room, but in a moment she was at his side. "Let me! Poor boy, I make such shameless use of him, the least I can do is ask him myself.

the least I can do is ask him myself.

"Hullo, Mark? This is Barbara. Were you planning anything for this evening?"

Distant, the unmistakable voice said, rather indignantly: "Tim going to the opera, of course!" She ought to have known that he would be there to hear her, he was hurt that she had not taken it for granted. granted

"Well, be a darling, and get rid of your ticket—unless, of course, you were going with someone else?"

course, you were going with someone else?"

"Well, no, just alone. But—"
Dismay was in his tone. He was afraid her commission was going to rob him of "Rosen-kavalier," and yet he couldn't deny her anything she asked.

"I'm scaring you for nothing," she said remorsefully. "What I'd like you to do, if you will, is share my box with my niece, and be nice to her. She's eighteen, fresh from England, and she's very sweet, so it won't be any hardship. Will you?"

"Of course I will!" he said, relieved. "What's the drill for a brand-new ex-schoolgir!"
Have I to dress?"

She thought of the fitting

Have I to dress?"

She thought of the fitting going on upstairs, and laughed "You have indeed, my poor child! The full regalia! But if you've nothing on all day, why don't you come and fetch her now, this morning? Take her to the cathedral, and the glockenspiel, and the marion-ettes! Then you can judge whether she rates a white tie."

"If I come round in an hour

whether she rates a white tic."
"If I come round in an hour can I take you both to lunch?"
She drew back at that, imagining the ordeal of sitting check by cheek with that vernal freshness for an hour or more, while his honest eye analysed the differences between them. "No, but you may take Theodora, and my blessing."
"All right "Il certile for

"All right, Fill settle for that." he said cheerfully. She went back upstairs, mar-velling at her own madness, to select a dress from among

How Beautiful is Youth

Theodora's cottons, and see that she did nothing, in her ardor, to spoil the dewy loveliness of her face.

Theodora was secretly relieved at the exchange of an Austrian for an English escort.

"What's he like?" she wanted to know, turning the nape of her neck so that Barbara could fasten the back buttons of her

dress.

The tongue which would gladly have told her all Mark's beauty and brilliance and dearness said instead: "He's a very ness said instead: "He's a very nice boy, and a very fine ac-companist."

"How old is he? Is he nice-looking?"

looking?"
"Twenty-four. I don't know
"I suppose he is, reasonably."
She could feel Theodora resigning herself, after such faint

from page 8

The back view of them as they went down the stairs held for her a pain which she thought for her a pain which she thought must be almost like a lesser death. Mark was a good head taller than Theodora, as dark as she was fair, as thin and bright as she was rounded and tender. They were talking already before they reached the first turn of the stairs. She closed the door quickly and went to the piano, in order not to hear what they were saying. A floor below, they halted, hearing her voice raised in song. They looked at each other, half-smiling, listening to the liquid Italian floating upon the air, the well of the stairs carrying it more clearly than she

ing it more clearly than she had realised, for what she was Who would be merry, let him

Of tomorrow there's no cer-tainty."

tainty."

Theodora, impressed by the prompt translation, let it ripple through her mind with a gentle, delicious melancholy, and emerged from under the waves of its pessimism like a duckling, her new young feathers unpenerated. Youth means nothing to her she simply had it. "She's wonderful, isn's she 2" she said impulsively.

Her quick glow passed to his cheeks as naturally as a reflection. "There's no one like her! She's been marvellous to me—she is to everybody!"

They went on, inextricably

They went on, inextricably interwound in her praises, down the stairs and into the sunshine.

He did not bring her back the did not bring her back until early evening, when it was already time to dress. Barbara had taken a light meal and was resting, but she roused herself to superintend the dressing.

trough on the dressing.

Theodora emerged rosy and tender from her bath, and put on womanhood only with her innerty, growing tall, regal, and mysteriously grave as the dress billowed down to her feet. She had chattered volubly about Salzburg, but not about Mark. Mark was already, it seemed, someone not to be chattered about. One likes to have one's opinion endorsed, thought Barbara, turning in her heart the dual knife of pain and pleasure. She left the hotel before Mark called for Theodora. In her dressing-room she put on

Mark called for Theodora. In her dressing-room she put on the voluminous filmy laces and silks of the Marschallin's morning toilette, and Morgan knotted up the great glistening fall of her hair into the artfully artless array of a great lady fresh from her bed.

How many Marschallins, she thought, can play the part at forty without a wig? There wasn't a grey thread in the pale gold yet.

"I'll make them remember tonight," she said to her reflec-tion. "I'll make it unfashion-able to be young. They shall never forget me!"

She stood up, her face completed, and shook out her facy train shimmering round her feet before the long mirror. The flush of resolution on her cheeks might easily have been the flush of rising from her happy bed, the sparkle of her eyes was bright enough for both royalty and love, and the sadness of her mouth, remembering Mark, might well have been carrying the shadow of foreboding for Octavian's loss.

"I som the Marschallin!" she

"I am the Marschallin!" she thought, with a stab of some-thing that seemed to her more like artistic triumph than pri-

vate pain.

Her arms full of her skirts, she made her way down and through the wings. The stage immaculate eighteenth century, with its great draped bed and its enormous Venetian glass toilet-table, cast off hastily two or three last hangers-on, and received her graciously into its spacious emptiness.

Her tall handsome Octavian

spacious emptiness.

Her tall, handsome Octavian came on composedly, in white wig and ruffled shirt and champagne-colored silk breeches. They disposed themselves calmly into the attitude of love, his check upon her knee, her hand gentle upon his hair.

The curtain went up, the dark, hashed cavity of the auditorium rushed in upon her consciousness, mysteriously peopled with its thousands of half-seen, intent faces, and the beneficent transformation which never failed took place in an instant.

The almost unknown singer at her fect became the impossible beloved, whom she had and had not, whom she could not keep for ever, whose eyes she could not hope to fill for many years more with her waning beauty.

Octavian was Mark, Mark Octavian was Mark, Mark was Octavian. The curis of the white wig under her fingers became the dark waves of his hair which she had never touched yet, the hands that held her were his hands.

She knew now what she had to do, and understood by what sure instinct she had already set it in train. What she could

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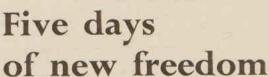
pointing young man with a large, intellectual forehead and no light conversation at all. She wondered why she was going to so much trouble to startle them into delight when they met.

When the moment came, and Morgan brought him up to the drawing-room, and Theodora sprang involuntarily out of her chair, with astonished lips parted in a dazzled smile, Barbara wondered if the convulsion she felt was of triumph or of agony. The only absolute satisfaction she had was in knowing that it was of her own making. Whatever was going to happen. that it was of her own making. Whatever was going to happen, she would have a hand in mak-ing it happen. singing was not meant for them.
"'Quanto e bella giovinezza
Che si fugge tuttavia! Chi ruol
esser lieto, sia, Di doman non
c'e certezza..."
"What is it she's singing?"
asked Theodora, looking up at
Mark in absolute confidence
that he would know.

"It's a song of Lorenzo di Medici's, from one of the masques. The setting's her own." He looked down at her, and smiled, serenely blind to the implications of Lorenzo's lament in that adored mouth.

" 'How beautiful is youth, how bright, stant in nothing but in flight!





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not keep with grace she must give with grace, as largely, as generously, as though it had really once been hers. The really once been hers. The essential thing was to keep one's

The Marschallin had understood that. It was something to have been trained in the grandest of grand manners, to have sung herself into the per-sonality of this high baroque lady, who knew how to main-tain her impeccable style when happiness went down in

At first she did not look towards the box where Theodora and Mark sat, but she was sensible of their nearness every moment; and in the middle of her great monologue she suddenly lifted her eyes, and sought them out of the darkness. Two rapt faces, very close together, gazed down at her great-eyed and compassionate. Theodora in her new dress shone softly, lambent within her own freshness; the boy's normally composed and guarded face was wide open to the heart with admiration and sympathy. Barbara sent up to them what At first she did not look to-

Barbara sent up to them what seemed to her all too clearly a cry of protest against the cruel pity of the young. She poured out to them the truth of her-

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN.

self, "the old lady, the Marshal's old wife," finding it time to set free her young lover and re-member her old age, and yet clinging with all her possessive heart to the boy's devotion. It was joy to be telling them everything openly in front of

everything, openly, in front of thousands of witnesses, even if they would never understand.

She left the stage at the end of the first act as though wafted of the first act as though wafted to her dressing-room upon the gales of her ovation. She knew already that she was singing the Marschallin of a lifetime, which these people might as well reconcile themselves to remembering, for they would probably never hear the like of it again. She stood be-fore the mirror gazing at her-self in wonder, her breast surg-ing, her eyes brilliant.

"Shut the door, Morgan! I don't want to see anybody. Tell them I don't want to break the thread. Tell them to come after

The flush on her cheeks might have been merely from the warmth of the room, but it felt more like a flame of exultation. The high beat of her heart might have been in-dignation and pain, but it had

by TIM

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impetus which suggested rather triumph.

"Every Marschallin should be in love with her baby of an accompanist," she said to her mirror, as she pulled out the ribbons from her hair, "and have a charming niece for a Sophie to fling at him!"

Morgan, fending off impor-tunate admirers in the passage, put her head in at the door to say doubtfully: "Mr. Creed is here, Miss Barbara."

"Oh, good, he can come in!"

"Oh, good, he can come in!"

She was kicking off her shoes when he entered, her mane of fair hair fallen over her face. She swept it back with one round white arm, and looked up at him with alert and shining eyes. "Well, was it good?"

But she did not wait an instant for the answer she did not need. "Listen, can you get on to Vienna tonight? I've decided to go. Accept the Mozart parts — all three of them if they're still holding them. It's too tame to go home just when I've struck the real vein."

Creed was smiling, a little smugly, "And what about Linz? Is that too much to pack in? I don't want to overwork you, but they offered two recitals."

"Accept them! Accept every-thing!" It was the only way to live, after all. She felt the strong tide of her power flow-ing, coming to the full.

"You're sure you want to take them all? No need to rush until you've made up your mind."

"I'm sure. My mind is made up." She began to shed laces like snow. Somewhere at a dis-tance the interval bell pealed. Creed went away well pleased.

The second act had been running for ten minutes, and Morgan was out of the room in search of a spirit lamp, when the door opened again, very quietly, and, looking up into the mirror, Barbara found her-self staring into the eyes of

She was startled to realise that for almost half an hour she had scarcely given one thought to him, but at the first glimpse of him now her heart melted into piteous tenderness. "I knew you don't want me," he said apologetically. "Morgan wouldn't let us in before, I just dodged her. But I won't stay, really, I only wanted to tell you..."

stay, really, I only wanted to tell you—
Her face in the mirror wore a slight, strained smile. No doubt the note of discourage-ment in his voice was due to the fact that he had misinter-preted it as a sign that she was being unwillingly patient with his intrusion. All the same, he persisted, approaching until he stood behind her chair.

His face was flushed with pure musical excitement, he wanted to pay her desperate, fervent compliments, and was convinced that she wanted nothing so much as to pack him off to his box and be rid of him. "If he only knew," she thought, "how I long to put my hands up and draw him down to me!"

Her shoulders burned with

my hands up and draw him down to me!"

Her shoulders burned with the awareness of him, standing so close. She could not keep the heavy, destroying tenderness out of her eyes, and wondered that he did not see it.

"You were wonderful!" he said, letting his hand stray towards the cool coils of her hair. "We—I had to sneak back and tell you. We thought we'd better not both come worrying you, but—you're not angry, are you?"

"No," she said, her voice equable and low, "I'm not angry, But I think you'd better go back to her now." She saw the thin, dark hand twining its fingers into the strands of her hair, and her own hand, unable to resist the longing, stole upward and closed gently upon it. His lips quivered, and swooped to her wrist and fingers. She felt him trembling, as sometimes after a long recital, when he had excelled himself.

as sometimes after a long re-cital, when he had excelled himself.

The shock of his touch brought her to her feet, and suddenly she was dazzlingly

aware that the incredible hap-piness was within her reach, that she had only to put out her hand and take it. He was hers if she cared to claim him, but he did not know it; he need never know it, unless she opened his eyes. She drew need never know it, unless size opened his eyes. She drew breath deeply; and on the threshold of the unlooked-for triumph she stood motionless, smiling at him indulgently. smiling at him indulgently. Now that the way was open, she knew that she could never

go in. "Silly boy!" she said, like one talking to a credulous child. "It's only a story, you shouldn't get so worked up

That made him laugh, as it was meant to. "Theodora's worse than I am!" he said in his innocence. "She adores his innocence.

"She's very young, and very generous. And you're supposed to be looking after ber."
"I know!" he said guiltily. "And she's very beautiful—isn't she?"

The sudden flush of Theodora's sweet companionship burned high in his cheeks. "She's so like you!"

"Then go and be nice to her. Don't wait for me, afterwards, you take her home, and I'll see you both tomorrow." Enraged at the calm of her own voice as she declined a kingdom, she felt a momentary frenzy of pity for herself and jealousy of the girl, and to evade it she took him by the shoulders, like an overgrown boy, and kissed him briefly and admonishingly in dismissal.

shoulders, the an overgrown boy, and kissed him briefly and admonishingly in dismissal.

She meant the kiss for his forehead, but as though the role in which she had cast him was implicit in her touch, he turned up his moutt to her like a schoolboy humoring a well-loved aunt, and received her lips upon his with perfect unseficonsciousness. The light embrace, which left him unshaken, transifixed her with painful delight. She pushed him hastily towards the door.

"Now go back to her—quickly, before Morgan catches you."

When he was gone, shamled into the glass, and do not know whether her smile womer rueful or relieved; but appeared to her that it had any rate the pride of rectitude. One should take only one's duand she had never been greedy woman.

She had the whole of the second act in which to dress and the result was what she meant it to be, a masterpiec She stood gleaming in the fabre She stood gleaming in the fab-lous silver gown, showers iace at breast and shoulde and elbows, her hair drawn us ward into a turret of silve sparkling with stones; the gre-lady, the Princess von Werdenberg, in full panoply for the vening, the hoops of her ski filling the room. Meeting hown eyes in the glass, and silve the stone with triumph, and slowly, royally, she swept to he apotheosis.

There are victories the you There are victories the young cannot yet hope to win. The tension held. How could it fail, when every word, every note, came out of her life and her heart? In the anguished raptures of the trio, drawa aside from the young lovers whose happiness only she, if she pleased, could make possible, she looked up into the box where their counterparts sat.

In the subdued light she could see them plainly. The were very close together, Theodora's shoulder curved tenderly within the protective hollow of Mark's, their young, entrance faces almost cheek to cheek the cheek to cheek the country of the box, and Mark's war closed comfortingly and tientic closed comfortingly and tientic. closed comfortingly and tightly over it. They had a brief, a touching, a vulnerable beauty a generous ardor, tears on the girl's cheeks, the boy's eyes wide and grave with emotion.

Ecstatically, devotedly, the gazed at their Marschallin, a her voice soared into theights of renunciation. After wards, they would wonder how wards, they would wonder how any singer could possibly simu-late a passion so poignantly now, they simply believed in it The light glittered in Theo-dora's adoring tears.

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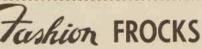






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